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J. W. YOUMANS'

TPL 5993
COMPILATION OF

Juvenile Songs,

SONGS OF THE SCHOOL ROOM,

NURSERY, &c., &c., &c.

ALSO,

THE BEAUTIFUL CANTATA, "FESTIVAL OF THE
ROSE," OR "A DAY IN ARCADIA,"

As Performed at his Popular

JUVENILE CONCERTS.

MONTREAL:

PRINTED BY J. C. BECKET, GREAT ST. JAMES ST.

1861

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P R E F A C E .

"Have you not the words of the pieces your little scholar's sing at your interesting concerts," is an every-day interrogation."

This little book contains Songs in great variety. Songs for the School-room, and of School, of the Seasons, of Home, of Love Affection, Duty, Temperance, &c. &c., and the "Festival of the Rose," as well as such pieces as are most popular at my Juvenile Concerts. The Music to most of the pieces is well known. Many of them are Melodies that we cannot part with upon any consideration, as they are interwoven with our very being, and the early and fond associations of our youth. The metre is so simple that it will not be difficult to substitute an air, for any of those named, you may not happen to know. (Names of pieces, or what book taken from, will be found in the index, opposite each name of song.)

iv.

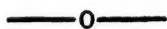
And to my young friends to whom this little work is respectfully dedicated, I would say, that I hope you may take as much pleasure in rehearsing the little songs, as I have taken pains in getting up something to gratify you, and we shall both be rewarded with pleasure. The world, my young friends, as you travel life's rugged path, will oft times look drear. Places, though palaces, will be uninviting. Faces, though fair, will be wanting in loveliness, and songs however well received by others, will have lost their sweetness to you; yet the pleasing recollection of the places, times, and friends, (don't forget your old teacher,) associated with the songs of this little book, will bring a beam of pleasurable satisfaction when time shall have advanced far into the vale of the future.

J. W. YOUMANS.

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INTRODUCTION.



As soon as children have learned by imitation, to give utterance to musical sounds, or to sing songs by rote, and while they are still learning, they may begin to acquire a knowledge of notation, or of written musical characters. The rudiments in books in general use, although claiming to be simple, and intended only for children, are found to be quite above their capacity.— One great reason why children do not love rudiments, is, because they are discouraged in the outset, from not being able to comprehend the lessons. The proper way to begin with children is, to be sure not to introduce any thing they will not at once understand, and by no means weary them. In this way they begin to have confidence in themselves, which strengthens every step they take.

Any Mother, Governess, or Teacher of primary school, who can sing herself, (although not, perhaps, able to read music,) may, by the help of these few directions, be enabled to give the little one a successful start in the right direction, preparatory to the introduction of elementary works in common use, and on a larger scale.

A FEW LITTLE RUDIMENTAL LESSONS, FOR LITTLE BEGINNERS.

The correct pronunciation of words, in connection with Musical sounds, should be among the first lessons in learning to sing. No matter how well a person may be able to manage their voice, how flexible, how soft or powerful, if they fail in distinct *pronunciation*, the effect to the hearer is nearly, if not altogether, lost. *Habit*, has all to do in correct or incorrect pronunciation (unless the organs of speech are naturally deranged), and how much should every parent, teacher, and pupil, endeavour to overcome ill acquired habits in pronunciation. A few short rules, well observed, will greatly assist the pupil. It is quite necessary though, that a teacher should give examples, requiring the scholar to imitate.

RULES FOR PRONUNCIATION.

Vowel sounds, are the only sounds that should be sustained, or prolonged. All *mutes* should be distinctly heard at the termination of words. The following sentence will serve to illustrate the absurdity of the incorrect termination of words.

"Lord, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known."

It is too often rendered somewhat thus.

Lor di belev var-es-t, remmain-s,
To al-l thye peep-pel known-n-e.

Now, although this may seem to be exaggerated, yet if those who think so, will but take the pains to notice the pronunciation of some persons, when they attempt to sing, (themselves and their own children in many cases included,) they will find that many of the consonants are used in blending

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words together, until, in fact, it amounts only to nonsense. The position of the lips and organs of speech should be unchanged while sounding the vowels.

The following lessons should be committed to memory by every child intending to study music, and may just as well be learned at home, either by parents, or older brothers and sisters, thereby saving much trouble to the teacher, (and, in fact, expense to themselves.) The large number of Juvenile works on the Elements of music, at every one's hand, is a sufficient apology for brevity under this head.

LESSON 1st.


Notes are marks of sounds.

- | | | |
|--|------------------|---|
| A whole note, or semibreve, | made thus, - - - |  an oval. |
| A half note, or minim, made | thus, - - - |  an open head, and stem. |
| A quarter note, or crotchet, | made thus, - - - |  head filled, and stem. |
| An eighth note, or quaver, | made thus, - - - |  head filled, and one hook. |
| A sixteenth note, or semiquaver, | made thus, - - - |  head filled, and two hooks. |
| A thirty-second note, or demisemiquaver, | made thus, - - - |  head filled, and three hooks. |


Note.—Children should practice making all the different kinds of notes on slates, or paper, which they should have for that purpose.


Questions.—What are notes? Make on your slate a whole note or semibreve. A half note or minim, &c.

LESSON 2ND.

The Staff,  consisting of five lines and four spaces.


THE CLEFS.

The Treble Clef  fixes the letter **G** on the second line.


The Base Clef  fixes the letter **F** on the fourth line.

When the clefs are affixed to the staff, the first seven letters of the alphabet are applied to it, and the lines and spaces numbered from the lowest.

THE TREBLE CLEF.

 Fifth line — **F** —
Fourth space — **E** —
Fourth line — **D** —
Third space — **C** —
Third line — **B** —
Second space — **A** —
Second line — **G** —
First space — **F** —
First line — **E** —

THE BASE CLEF.

 Fifth line — **A** —
Fourth space — **G** —
Fourth line — **F** —
Third space — **E** —
Third line — **D** —
Second space — **C** —
Second line — **B** —
First space — **A** —
First line — **G** —

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First line

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When more than five lines and four spaces of the staff are required, short lines are placed above or below the staff, called added, or leger lines. These are numbered and lettered in the same manner as the staff.

Note.—The letters of the Staff may also be represented by the hands, naming the fingers after the lines, and the distances between the fingers after the spaces.

THE STAFF WITH LEGER LINES.

Second line above, **C** _____

Second space above **B** _____

First line above **A** _____

First space above **G** _____



First line below **C** _____

First space below **D** _____

Second line below **A** _____

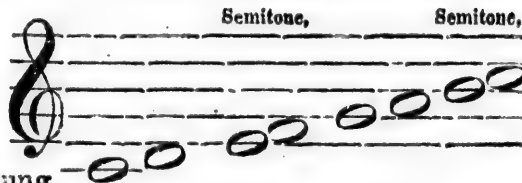
Second space below **B** _____

Each line and space upon the staff is called a degree.

Questions.—What constitutes the staff. How many clefs are used? What are they called? Make a treble clef. Make a base clef. Make the two staves and put the clefs on them. When more lines and spaces are required, what is to be done? How are leger lines numbered and lettered? What is each line and space of the staff called? Make the leger lines, letters and spaces.

LESSON 3RD.

EXAMPLE OF THE SCALE FOR PRACTICE.



The syllables to be sung - - - do re mi fa sol la si do
 to the scale are - - - 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 The numerals are - - - C D E F G A B C
 The letters are - - -

Sing the scale also with the syllable *la*.

Note.—Pupils should practice this scale till they become perfectly familiar with the sounds, syllables, numerals, and letters.

Between what numerals of the scale do the semitones occur? What syllables are applied to the scale? What numerals? What letters are applied to *this* scale?

LESSON 4TH.

The following table should be committed to memory.

TREBLE STAFF.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| First, or lowest line is E . | First space - - - F . |
| Second line is - - - G . | Second space is - - - A . |
| Third line is - - - B . | Third space is - - - C . |
| Fourth line is - - - D . | Fourth space is - - - E . |
| Fifth line is - - - F . | |

BASE STAFF.

| | |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| First or lowest line is G . | First space is - - - A . |
| Second line is - - - B . | Second space is - - - C . |
| Third line is - - - D . | Third space is - - - E . |
| Fourth line is - - - F . | Fourth space is - - - G . |
| Fifth line is - - - A . | |

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 First line
 Second line
 First space
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LEGER LINES.

TREBLE.

First line below is - C.
 Second line below is - A.
 First line above is - A.
 Second line above is - C.
 First space below is - D.
 Second space below is B.
 First space above is - G.
 Second space above is B.

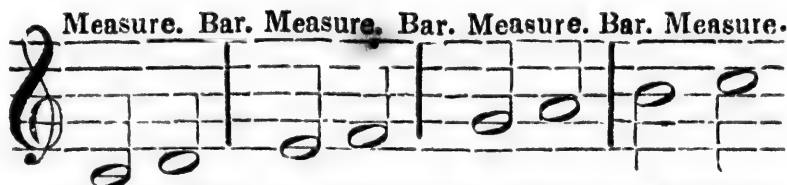
BASE.

First line below is - E.
 Second line below is - C.
 First line above is - C.
 Second line above is - E.
 First space below is - F.
 Second space below is D.
 First space above is - B.
 Second space above is D.

Questions.—What is the first or lowest line of the treble staff? The second line? Third line? Fourth line? Fifth line? What is the first space? The second space? Third space? Fourth space? What is the first, or lowest line of the base staff? The second line? Third line? Fourth line? Fifth line? What is the first space? The second space? Third space? Fourth space? What is the first leger line below the treble staff? The second? The first leger line above? The second? What is the first space below? The second? The first space above? The second? What is the first leger line below the base staff? The second? The first leger line above? The second? What is the first space below? The second? The first space above? The second?

LESSON 5TH.

The staff is divided into small portions, by perpendicular lines drawn across it. These lines are called *bars*. The distance from one bar to another is called a measure. All music is divided into measures, thus :—



As we have a variety of notes of different lengths—whole, half, quarter, &c., it will be difficult to give to each its proper value or portion of time, while singing, without some rule by which to *divide time*. This rule is as follows :

BEATING TIME.

To beat time is to motion with the hand, as, down, up ;—down, left, up ;—down, left, right, up.

Questions.—How is the staff divided ? What are these lines called ? What is the distance from one bar to another called ? What rule have we for giving to each note its portion of time ? Describe the different ways of beating time.

ILLUSTRATION.

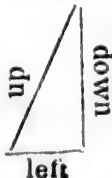
Double Measure.

Two beats.



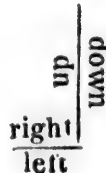
Triple Measure.

Three beats.



Quadruple Measure.

Four Beats.



The Pupils should now practice beating these different kinds of time, describing audibly, Down, Up, &c.

Double measure has two varieties ; 1st, $\frac{2}{2}$, and 2d $\frac{3}{4}$.

Triple measure has three varieties ; 1st, $\frac{3}{2}$, 2d, $\frac{3}{4}$, and 3d $\frac{3}{8}$.

Quadruple
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Quadruple measure has two varieties; 1st, $\frac{4}{2}$,
and 2d $\frac{4}{4}$.

Questions.—How many beats has double measure? How many has triple measure? Quadruple measure? How many varieties has double measure? What is the first? What is the second? How many varieties has triple measure? What is the first? The second? The third? How many varieties has quadruple measure? What is the first? The second?

LESSON 6TH.

In $\frac{2}{2}$ (two-two) measure, how much time should be given to each whole note? *Ans.* Two beats.

In $\frac{2}{2}$ measure, how much time should be given to each half note? *Ans.* One beat.

How is the half note made? Make a quarter note. Make a half note.

Note.—If pupils can not promptly answer the last two questions, they should immediately turn back to Lesson I., and review it *thoroughly*.

In $\frac{2}{2}$ measure, how much time should be given to quarter notes? *Ans.* Two should be sung to one beat.

In $\frac{2}{4}$ measure, how much time should be given to each quarter note? *Ans.* One beat. To each half note? *Ans.* Two beats. To eighth notes? *Ans.* Two should be sung to one beat.

In $\frac{3}{2}$ measure, how much time should be given to each half note? *Ans.* One beat.

In $\frac{3}{4}$ measure, how much time should be given to each half note? *Ans.* Two beats.

LESSON 7TH.

Practice with the syllables, numerals, and letters.

do re mi fa sol la si do do si la sol fa mi re do
d u d u d u d u d u d u

C D E F G A B C C B A G F E D C
do re mi fa sol la si do do si a sol fa mi re do

As notes
of silence.
length.

Whole re



Sixteen

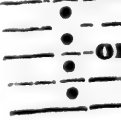


Triplet.

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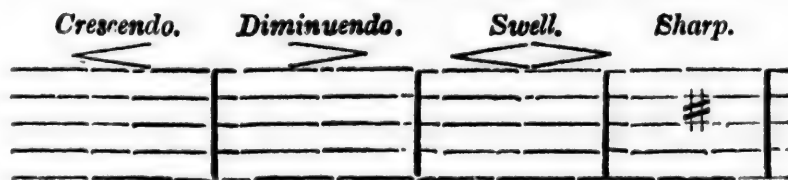
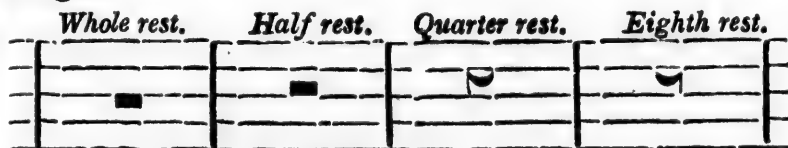
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LESSON 8TH.

As notes are marks of sounds, so are rests marks of silence. Each note has a rest, equal to it in length.



LESSON 9TH.

A dot or point adds one half to the length of any note.

A Triplet, or figure 3, placed over any three notes, reduces them to the time of two of the same kind.

A tie or bind connects such notes as are to be sung to one syllable.

Marks of distinction, placed over or under notes, show that they are to be sung in a short, distinct manner.

A Pause or Hold marks an indefinite suspension of time of a note or rest.

A Repeat shows what part of a tune is to be sung twice.

A Double Bar shows the end of a strain or line of the poetry.

A Close denotes the end of a tune, or piece of music.

A Crescendo denotes an increase of sound.

A Diminuendo denotes a decrease of sound.

A Swell denotes a gradual increase and decrease of sound.

A Sharp, set before a note, raises the sound a half tone.

A Flat, set before a note, lowers the sound a half tone.

A Natural, restores notes that have been made flat or sharp, to their primitive sound.

Flats or Sharps, placed at the beginning of a

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Bar? A
A Swell
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piece of music, are called its signature, by which the syllables of the scale are known.

Questions.—What are rests? Make a whole or semibreve rest? The half rest? The quarter rest? The eighth? The sixteenth? The thirty-second? What is the use of a Dot or Point? A Triplet? A Tie or Bind? Marks of Distinction? A pause or Hold? A Repeat? A Double Bar? A Close? A Crescendo? A Diminuendo? A Swell? A Sharp? A Flat? A Natural? What are Flats and Sharps called, when placed at the beginning of a tune? Of what use is the signature?

Note.—Make all the characters of the preceding lessons, and write their names down, (in your mind, as well as on your slate.)



JUVENILE SONGS, &C.

INVITATION TO SINGING.

1. Come, come, come,
Silver lay, measure gay, chasing every care away,
Voices free, joyously, swell in harmony ;
Every eye is beaming bright, every heart is leap-
ing light ;

Happy throng, quickly join in the merry song.

CHORUS.—Tra, la, la, and repeat last two lines.

2. Hark, hark, hark,
Hear the song, peal along, now it comes full loud
and strong,
Merrily, cherrily, hear the happy throng,
Let us join the melody, gladly now and happily ;
Shout aloud, merrily, driving care away.

Chorus,

3. Come, come, come,
Not a tear, not a fear, ever mars our pleasure here ;
Sweet the strain, wakes again, soothing every pain ;
Lively notes our tongues employ, all united know
the joy,

Hearts rebound, to the sound, floating all around.

Chorus.

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O, THE SINGING SCHOOL.

1. O the Singing School,
What a happy, happy place,
La la la, &c.
All our voices sweetly chiming,
While our songs are neatly rhyming,
What a happy place, a happy place,
A happy, happy, happy place.
2. O the Singing School, &c.
We will raise our grateful voices,
While all nature round rejoices,
What a happy place, a happy place,
A happy, happy, happy place.
3. O the Singing School, &c.
Come and see our faces smiling,
Pleasant hours our hearts beguiling,
What a happy place, a happy place,
A happy, happy, happy place.

THE PONY.

1. Hop, hop, hop, nimble as a top,
Where 'tis smooth, and where 'tis stony,
Trudge along my little pony,
Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, nimble as a top.
2. Hwo, hwo, hwo, how like fun you go !
Stop, you jade, I tell you—tell you,
If you don't, I'll surely sell you !
Hwo, hwo, hwo, hwo, hwo, how like fun you go.
3. Spare, spare, spare, sure enough we're there ;
Very well my little pony,
Safe's our jaunt, though rough and stony ;
Spare, spare, spare, spare, spare, sure enough
we're there.

4. Here, here, here, yes, my pony dear ;
Now with oats and hay I'll treat you,
And with smiles will ever greet you,
Pony, pony, dear, ~~yes~~ my pony dear !
5. Ha, ha, ha, come we from afar,
Find we Sisters, Father, Mother,
Pony also find a brother,
Come we from afar, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

THE EARTH LIKE A BRIDE.

1. The Earth like a bride, wears a robe pure and
white,
Her jewels might vie with the star-gems of
night,
||: 'Tis the merry, merry winter's hour,
We greet it with song,
For ne'er are its nights for our pleasures too
long. :|| [Repeat.]
2. While some in the maze of the dance gaily
glide,
Some skim o'er the valley or clear frozen tide,
||: But we're cheery, cheery, cheery all,
Where'er we may be,
In fields or in bower, we're children of glee. :||
[Repeat.]

THE BLACKSMITH'S SONG.

1. Sinclair Lithgow, shoeing-smith,
Works up this close with all his pith ;
He dis his wark baith weel and soon ;
But likes his siller when 'tis done.
Boys.—Blow, bellows, blow !
Girls.—Clink, clink, clink, the hammer goes ;

Boys.—
Girls.—
B.—R

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Boys.—Burn, fire burn !

Girls.—Clink, clink, clink, the hammer goes !

B.—Rasp away ! rasp away ! rasp away ! rasp away !

G.—Shoe th' old horse and shoe th' old mare,

All.—And let the little colt go bare.

||: Tick a tick, a tick, tack,

Tick a tick, a tick, tack,

Tick a tick, a tick, tack,

Tick, tick, tack. :|| *Repeat, P. P.*

2. But, Mister Lithgow is it right
To drive your trade from morn till night ?
To shoe the old horse and shoe the old mare,
And let the little colt go bare ?
Blow, bellows, blow, &c.
3. Pray tell me, Sinclair, what you mean ?
The colt has tender feet I weén,
I do not understand your song,
Or, if I do, I think 'tis wrong.
Blow, bellows, blow, &c.
4. I'm sure it puzzles me to tell,
How you can make a shoe so well ;
And put it on the horse and mare,
And let the little colt go bare.
Blow, bellows, blow, &c.
5. And yet, you are not much to blame,
For half the world oft do the same ;
They shoe themselves, but do not care
Whether the young are shod or bare.
Blow, bellows, blow, &c.
6. "'Tis nothing but a child," they say ;
"'Twill do for children, any way,"

As if the little urchins were
 Scarce worth a half a minute's care.
 Blow, bellows, blow, &c.

7. Sinclair Lithgow, shoeing-smith,
 Work, work away, with all your pith ;
 But shoe the little colts, my man,
 And get your "siller," if you can.
 Blow, bellows, blow, &c.

CAVES OF EUROPE.

1. Come, come, come,
 Come with me, o'er the sea,
 Let us sweetly all agree,
 Mind the time, not the rhyme,
 While Europe's Caves we chime,
 Tra la la la, &c.

2. Come, come, come,
 North o' Norway, North Cape first ;
 Matapan then, South of Greece ;
 Spartivento, South of Italy ;
 Pesaro, South of Sicily ;
 St. Vincent, South of Portugal ;
 Finisterre and Ortegal,
 North-West of Spain they let it rain,
 And here we do the same. Tra la la la, &c.

3. Come, come, come,
 See Cape Barfleur, and Cape La Hogue,
 In the Northern part of France ;
 And just 'cross o'er, to England's shore,
 There you'll find two more ;
 There's Lizard's Point and Land's End too,
 South-West of England fair to view ;
 South Ireland sweet, Cape Clear you'll meet,
 And South of Norway, Naze. Tra la la la, &c.

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 The Volga
 The Cuba
 The Danu
 The Tiber
 The Seine
 Guadiana
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RIVERS OF EUROPE.

Onega and Dwina, Mezene and Petchora.
 The Volga and Kamb, the Don and Dnieper.
 The Cuban, the Bog, the Dniester, and Pruth.
 The Danube, Maritsa, and Vardar river.
 The Tiber, the Po, the Ebro, the Rhone,
 The Seine, the Loire, Duero, Garonne.
 Guadiana and Tagus, and Guadilquivir.
 The Rhine, the Elbe, the Oder, Vistula.
 Thames, Severn and Mersey, Liffey Shannon and
 Boyne,
 The Spey, the Don, the Tay, Tweed, and Dee,
 The Clyde, the Nith and Doon are there,
 Now farewell to the "Bonnie, bonnie banks of
 Ayr."

THE YOUNG RIDER.

1. One summer morning, early,
 My pony I bestrode,
 And by my Anna's cottage,
 I took the well-known road,
 For it was my greatest pride,
 That she should see me ride.
 ||: Trip, trip, trip, trip, trip, pony trip, trip, trip,
 trip merrily. :||
2. There stood my lovely Anna,
 Beside her blooming bower :
 She twined the opening roses,
 (Herself, the sweetest flower ;)
 My hat I gently raised,
 And on her beauty gazed.
 ||: Prance, prance, prance, prance, prance, pony
 prance, prance, prance, prance, waggishly. :||

3. To show my skilful riding,
 I spurred him very sly,
 Alas! he reared and threw me,
 Into a ditch hard by,
 Then off he went, like wind,
 And left me there behind.
 ||: Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, pony stop, stop,
 stop, stop, amiably. :||

4. On hands and knees I scramble,
 And reach, at length, dry land,
 And O! in such a pickle,
 Before her face I stand!
 But worse than all, by half,
 I heard Miss Anna laugh!
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ho,
 ho, ho!
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho! So dripping home
 I go.

LET THE SMILES OF YOUTH APPEARING.

- ||: *Solo*.—Let the smiles of youth appearing,
Duet.—Let the smiles of youth appearing,
Semi-Chorus.—Let the smiles of youth appearing,
 Let the rays of beauty cheering,
Chorus.—Drive the gloom of care away,
 Drive the gloom of care away; :||
 ||: Cheerful singing lively measure,
 Voices ringing joy and pleasure,
 Lengthen out the happy day,
 Lengthen out the happy day, :||
 ||: *Girls*.—Cheerful singing, (*Boys*) Lively
 measure,
Girls.—Voices ringing, (*Boys*) Joy and
 pleasure,

Chorus

WE COME

1. We come
 To feel
 In happy
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Chorus.—

2. On every
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Chorus.—Cheerful singing lively measure,
Voices ringing, joy and pleasure,
Lengthen out the happy day,
Lengthen out the happy day. :||

WE COME AGAIN WITH SONGS TO GREET
YOU.

1. We come again with songs to greet you,
To feel the warmth of every heart.
In happiness we *smile* to meet you :
Yet sigh to think so soon we part.

Chorus.—We come, we come, we come, with songs
to greet you,
We come, we come, we come, we come
again.—[Repeat Chorus, p. p.]

2. On every spot the sunbeam brightens,
These constant hearted friends we find,
With such the tie of friendship tightens,
No space can blot them from the mind.—Chorus.
3. But now again we meet in gladness,
To wipe the tear from every eye ;
Come banish from the *heart* all sadness,
Nor let a sorrow cause a sigh.—Chorus.
4. O hearts like these we long shall cherish,
While singing o'er our native strain,
Not one remembrance ere shall perish,
Till *we* shall hap'ly meet again.—Chorus:

LARGE BODIES OF WATER IN AND
AROUND EUROPE.

1. North Sea, North of Holland.
Skaggerrack channel, South of Norway.
Cattegat channel, East of Denmark.
Lake Wenner, in the South of Sweden.

Baltic Sea and the Gulf of Bothnia,
 Separate Sweden, Russia, Prussia.
 Gulf Finland, Riga, Lake Ladoga,
 Lake Onega, in the West of Russia.
 White Sea, North of Russia.
 Arctic Ocean, North of Europe.

2. Now to the South of Russia.
 Sea of Azof, Strait of Yenikale.
 And the Black Sea, South of Russia.
 Strait of Bosphorus, Sea of Marmora,
 Strait of Dardanelles, South-East of Turkey.
 Archipelago, South of Turkey,
 Mediterranean, South of Europe.
 Strait of Otranto and the Gulf of Venice,
 Separate Italy, Austria, and Turkey.
 Repeat last 2 lines.

3. Now to the South of Italy.
 Gulf of Taranto, South of Italy.
 Strait of Messina, North of Sicily.
 Strait of Bonifacio, South of Corsica.
 Gulf of Genoa, South of Genoa.
 Gulf of Lyons, South of France.
 Strait of Gibraltar, South-West of Spain.
 Atlantic Ocean, West of Europe.
 Bay of Biscay, West of France.
 English Channel and the Strait of Dover,
 Separate France and the British Islands.

4. Now to the South of Wales.
 Bristol Channel, South of Wales.
 St. George's Channel, South-East of Ireland.
 Irish Sea, between Ireland and England.
 North Channel, North-East of Ireland,
 Moray Firth and the Firth of Forth,
 Both in the Eastern part of Scotland.

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Zuider Zee, in the North of Holland.

Lake Geneva, in the South-West of Switzerland.

Repeat last 2 lines.

And Constance, in the North-East.

COCK SPARROW.

1. A little cock sparrow sat up in a tree,
And whistled, and whistled, and thus
whistled he,
A little boy came with his bow and his ar-
row,
Says he, "I will shoot you, you little cock
sparrow."
2. The little cock sparrow kept hopping about,
Says the boy, "I shall hit you, I have not a
doubt,"
So he strung up his bow, and feather'd his
arrow,
And then took a look at the little cock spar-
row.
3. The little boy said, as he stood in the dew,
"Ah, little cock sparrow, you'll make me a
stew,
Your giblets will make me a little pie too,"
Says the little cock sparrow "I'll be shot if
they do."

ENCORE VERSE.

4. Sweet ladies, kind gents, I've come out here
once more,
To answer politely the call of encore.
Beware little maids of my well practised arrow,
Or you too may be shot by the little cock sparrow.

WANDERING BOY.

When the winter wind whistles along the wild
moor,

And the cottager shuts on the beggar his door,
When the chilling tear stands in my comfortless
eye,

||: O how hard is the lot of the wandering boy. :||

The wind it is cold, and I have no vest,
And my heart it is cold as it beats in my breast,
No father, no mother, no kindred have I,

||: For I am a parentless wandering boy. :||

But I once had a home, and I once had a sire,
And a mother who granted each infant desire,
Our cottage it stood in the wood embowered vale,

||: Where the ring dove would warble its sorrowful
tale. :||

But my father and mother were summoned away,
And left me to hard-hearted strangers a prey ;
I fled from their rigors with many a sigh,

||: And now I'm a poor little wandering boy. :||

The winter is cold and the snow loads the gale,
And no one will list to my innocent tale ;

Then I'll go to the grave where my parents both
lie,

||: And death shall befriend the poor wandering
boy. :||

HOUSEHOLD PETS.

1. I've a little dog at home, and he knows me,

When I'm coming to the gate,

He's so glad he cannot wait,

But jump, jump, jump, ; bow, wow, bow ; &c.,

He is jumping high and low,

Before the gate.

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2. I've a little puss at home, and she knows me,
When I'm coming to the door,
She goes purring on before,
Purr, purr, purr ; mew, mew, mew ; &c.,
She goes purring on before,
Into the door.
3. I've a little bird at home, and he knows me,
When I come into the room,
He begins a little tune,
With chip, chip, chip ; &c.,
He begins a little tune,
Within the room.
4. I've a little lamb at home, and he knows me,
When he sees me passing by,
He sets up a doleful cry,
Ma, ma, ma, &c.,
He sets up a doleful cry, ma, ma, ma.
5. I've a little brother home, and he loves me,
Hand in hand to school away,
Never loiter, never play,
But walk and talk, walk and talk, &c.,
Yes, I love my brother as we walk and talk.
6. I've a little sis' at home, and she loves me,
How her little voice does ring,
How she likes to come and sing,
And do, do, do ; re, re, re ; &c.,
O my little sis can sing,
And she loves me.
7. I have many things home, which you should see,
Swing and hoop, and bat and ball,
I'll not try to name them all,

- * Will you come, will you come, &c.,
Will you come, and you, and you, and you, and
you.

N. B.—After singing the last verse, all sing their own
chorus at once.

* Addressing first one, then another, as he sings.

I'LL BE A MAN.

1. I'm but a little fellow now,
Between three feet and four,
But if I keep on growing fast,
I'll soon be three feet more ;
Although but nine short years as yet
Above my head have run,
When a dozen more have passed away,
Then I'll be twenty-one.

Chorus—O ye great men,
O don't you fret for me ;
I'll be a great man by and by,
Though small I now may be.

2. I wear a cap and apron now,
And dress as mother tells ;
But then I'll have a hat and coat
Like any body else.
I'll have a pocket in each side,
A watch within my vest,
A dickey and a neckerchief,
As smart's the very best.

Chorus—O Men of fashion,
O, don't you fret for me ;
I'll be a great man by and by,
Though small I now may be.

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3. And when I am a man, I'll vote
 For 'semblymen, you know ;
 For politicians, knaves, and fools,
 My vote I will not throw.

And no mere party ever shall
 Hold me in fetters tight.

I'll go for truth and liberty,
 My country and the right.

Chorus—O Politicians,
 O, dont you fret for me ;
 For when I come to be a man,
 I'll vote for liberty.

4. A tippler I will never be ;
 No drop my lips shall pass ;
 I'll sign the true teetotal pledge,
 And keep it to the last.

Nor will I use the poison weed,
 Which now so many crave,
 Because I mean to be a man,
 And never be a slave.

Chorus—O ye tipplers,
 O, don't you fret for me,
 For when I come to be a man,
 I'm going to be free.

5. And many years must pass away,
 And I must go to school,
 That if I'm Judge or Magistrate,
 I may know how to rule.
 With knowledge I must store my mind,
 For though I'm e'er so tall,
 If I am rude and ignorant,
 I shall be very small.

Chorus—O Men of learning,
 O, dont you fret for me,
 I'll study, that when I'm a man
 A wise one I may be.

I LOVE THE MERRY SUNSHINE.

1. I love the merry sunshine ;
 It makes the heart so gay,
 To hear the sweet birds singing,
 On their summer holiday,
 With their wild wood notes of duty,
 From hawthorn bush and tree,
 O ! the sunshine is all beauty !
 O ! the merry, merry sun for me !
 I love the merry, merry sunshine,
 It makes the heart so gay,
 To hear the sweet birds singing,
 On their summer holiday.
 ||: The merry, merry sun, the merry sun, the
 merry, merry sun for me ! :||
2. I love the merry, merry sunshine ;
 Thro' the dewy morning's show'r,
 With its rosy smiles advancing,
 Like a beauty from her bower
 It charms the soul in sadness ;
 It sets the spirit free !
 O ! the sunshine is all gladness !
 O ! the merry, merry sun for me !
 I love, &c.

SLIDING SONG.

1. Come out, come out this winter's day,
 Come to the sport with me,
 Our books and studies far away,
 We're happy now and free.
 We'll slide down the hill,
 We'll slide down the hill,
 We'll slide down the hill,
 Over the clear white snow.

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2. O who's afraid of a winter's day
 With its cold, ice, and snow ?
 What though we miss the sun's warm ray ?
 What though the cold winds blow ?
 We'll slide, &c.
 3. Then haste, companions, haste away,
 The day is cold and still,
 We'll have some noble sport to-day
 A-sliding down the hill, &c.

'TIS WINTER, WINTER, FAR AND WIDE.

- sun, the
1. *Solo*—'Tis winter, winter, far and wide,
 And icy winds are blowing ;
 And thick, and thick on ev'ry side
 'Tis ever, ever snowing :
Cho.—Well, let the storm beat dark and wild,
 The spring will come so soft and mild,
 The earth with buds bloom brightly, brightly,
 And summer's breeze blow lightly, lightly, lightly,
 And summer's breeze blow lightly.
 2. *Solo*—How desolate the hill and field,
 Away the flowers have hasted ;
 To winter's blast their beauties yield,
 And all their charms are wasted :—
Cho.—The trees will soon again be green,
 The beauteous flowers again be seen,
 The earth with buds, &c.
 3. *Solo*—The stream is frozen in the vale,
 And still the insect's thrumming ;
 Oh, where is now the nightingale,
 And where the bee, soft humming ?

Cho.—The waterfall will wake again,
And bird and bee renew their strain;
The earth with buds, &c.

4. *Solo*—Oh, dark and chilly is the night,
And long before the dawning;
As if it were the sun's delight,
To rob us of the morning:—

Cho.—We care not for the night so long,
For soon will come the days of song,
The earth with buds, &c.

5. *Solo*—The chilling frost conceals the ground,
And snow so deep is lying;
Without a pleasant sight or sound,
The day of life is flying:

Cho.—The stormy wind will pass away,
And warm will be the spring-tide ray,
The earth with buds, &c.

VACATION SONG.

1. Away over mountain, away over plain!
Vacation has come with its pleasures again;
Where young steps are bounding,
And young hearts are gay,
To the fun and the frolic away, boys away!
Away, Away!
To the fun and the frolic, away, boys, away!

2. We've sought your approval with hearty good
will,
We "old ones" have spoken, we young ones
sat still;
But now 'tis all over, we're off to our play,

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Nor will think of a school book for three
weeks to-day.

Away, away! &c.

3. The fresh breezes revel the branches between;
The bird springs aloft, from her covert of
green;
Our dog waits our whistle, the steed fleet our
call;
Our boat safely rocks where we moor'd her
last fall.

Our boat, our boat, &c.

Our boat safely rocks where we moor'd her
last fall.

4. Where the clustering grapes hang in purple,
we know,
The pastures and woods where the ripe berries
grow,
The broad trees we'll climb where the sunny
fruits rest,
And bring down their stores for the lips we
love best.

Love best, love best! &c.

5. Dear comrades, farewell! ye, who join us no
more.
Think life is a school, and till term-time is
o'er,
Oh! meet unrepining each task that is given,
Till our time of probation is ended in heaven.
In heaven, in heaven!
Till our time of probation is ended in heaven.

BOAT SONG.

1. *Solo*—There's melody, boys, in the splashing oar
And many a beautiful beaming eye,
Looks on our barque as it leaves the shore,
Like a bird o'er the crested waves to fly.

Trio.—Arms are strong, and hearts are true,
Merrily o'er the waters blue,

Cho.—Swiftly and cheerily now we go,
Pull, lads, steadily ! row, lads, row,
row, lads, row, row, lads, row,
Swiftly and cheerily, row, lads, row,
row, lads, row, lads, row.

2. We love our barque, and we love the foam,
Which sparkles around us, as merrily we
Pull briskly, and sing of the mariner's home,
The bright, the beautiful, boundless sea.

Arms are strong, &c.

3. Pull, lads, altogether, pull cheerily and strong,
Our boat is a beauty, she's worthy our pride,
Pull steadily brothers, and join in the song,
Which praises the life of the sons of the tide.

Arms are strong, &c.

4. Row gallantly, brothers, away from the shore,
Our boat like a fairy barque dances along ;
Pull away, pull away, every dip of the oar,
As it kisses the waters, keeps time with our song.

Arms are strong, &c.

TWINKLE LITTLE STAR.

1. Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are ;
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are.

2. When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon ;
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.
Twinkle, twinkle, &c.
3. Then the trav'ler in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark ;
He could not see where to go,
If you did not twinkle so.
Twinkle, twinkle, &c.
4. In the sky above you keep ;
In my window often peep ;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle, &c.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE ROBIN.

1. There came to my window,
One morning in spring,
A sweet little Robin,
She came there to sing,
||: The tune that she sang,
It was prettier far
Than ever I heard
On the flute or guitar. :||
2. Her wings she was spreading
To soar far away ;
Then resting a moment
Seemed sweetly to say :
||: 'Oh happy, how happy
This world seems to be ;
Awake little girl
And be happy with me. :||

3. But just as she finished
 Her beautiful song,
 A thoughtless young man
 With his gun came along ;
 ||: He killed, and carried
 My Robin away :
 She'll never sing more
 At the break of the day. :||

TRY AGAIN.

1. 'Tis a lesson you should heed,
 Try, try, again.
 If at first you don't succeed,
 Try, try, again.
 Then your courage should appear,
 For if you will persevere,
 You will conquer, never fear,
 Try, try, again.
2. Once or twice, though you should fail,
 Try, try, again.
 If you would at last prevail,
 Try, try, again.
 If we strive 'tis no disgrace
 Though we may not win the race ;
 What should we do in that case ?
 Try, try, again.
3. If you find your task is hard,
 Try, try, again.
 Time will bring you your reward,
 Try, try, again.
 All that other folks can do,
 Why, with patience, should not you ?
 Only keep this rule in view,
 Try, try, again.

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THE MOON IS VERY FAIR AND BRIGHT.

1. The moon is very fair and bright,
And now is rising high ;
I think it is a pretty sight
To see it in the sky ;
It shone upon me where I lay,
And seem'd almost as bright as day.
2. The stars are very pretty too,
And scatter'd all about ;
Sometimes they seem but very few,
But soon the rest come out :
I'm sure I could not count them all,
They are so bright, and very small.
3. But brighter is the sun than they,
He blazes in the skies ;
I dare not turn my face that way,
Unless I shut my eyes :
Yet when he shines, our hearts revive,
And all the trees rejoice and thrive.
4. More glorious than the moon or sun
And all the stars of light ;
Is he who made them every one
By His own power and might :
And when we end our mortal race,
The pure in heart shall see his face.

LITTLE ROBIN.

1. Come here little Robin, and don't be afraid,
I would not hurt even a feather ;
Come hither sweet Robin, and pick up some bread,
To feed you this very cold weather.

2. I don't mean to hurt you, my dear little thing,
And pussey cat is not behind me ;
So hop about pretty, and put down your wing,
And pick up the crumbs and don't mind me.
3. Cold winter is come, but he will not stay long,
The summer you soon shall be greeting ;
Remember, sweet Robin, to sing me a song,
In return for the breakfast you're eating.

THE MIMIC COOKS.

1. At five o'clock Papa will come ;
So let us now the table set ;
Mamma is gone, we're all alone,
And we the supper now must get ;
So blow the fire, and hurry the cakes ;
The water boils, the biscuit bakes ;
* Stand by the door to meet Papa ;
I'm sure he'll laugh, ha, ha, ha, ha !
2. Bring on the plates, the knives and forks,
Stop, stop, the tablecloth's not right !
All smooth and even it must be,
Papa will bring his friend to night.
Now blow the fire, &c.
3. The knives and forks why don't you put
More orderly around the plates ?
This place is mine, and that is yours,
And here's Papa's, and there is Kate's.
Do blow the fire, &c.

* This line should be rather spoken than sung ; yet the time may be kept, the same as in singing.

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CHORUS.

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4. Dear Charlie, run and buy some milk ;
 The pepper, Jane, you need not bring,
 Come, come, dear Ellen, fix the sauce,
 I'd rather have you work than sing.
 Let's blow the fire, &c.

5. Put in the tea, and make it steep,
 The cups and saucers bring along ;
 Cold water, Kate, will do for us,
 The tea, you know, is very strong.
 We'll blow the fire, &c.

6. O dear, the teaspoons I've forgot !
 Why, Ellen, where's the butter plate ?
 Quick, quick ! the chairs—set up the chairs,
 Papa will come—'tis getting late.

CHORUS.—Now leave the fire, take up the cakes,
 How well our stove the biscuit bakes,
 Throw back the door, for here's Papa !
 See how he laughs ! ha, ha, ha, ha, ! †

EXERCISE SONG.

1. Patter, patter, let it pour ;
 Patter, patter, let it roar ;
 Down the steep roof let it rush,
 Down the hill-side let it gush ;
 ||: 'Tis the welcome April shower,
 Which will wake the sweet May flower. :||

2. Patter, patter, let it pour ;
 Patter, patter, let it roar ;
 Let the gaudy lightning flash,

† Let the last chorus be followed by a brisk clapping.
 N. B.—If the school is not much advanced, the whole chorus may be sung in the usual way.

Let the headlong thunder dash ;
 ||: 'Tis the welcome April shower,
 Which will wake the sweet May flower. :||

3. Patter, patter, let it pour ;
 Patter, patter, let it roar ;
 Soon the clouds will burst away,
 Soon will shine the bright spring day ;
 ||: Soon the welcome April shower,
 Will awake the sweet May flower. :||

HERE WE STAND.

1. Here we stand, hand in hand,
 Ready for our exercise ;
 Heads upright, with delight sparkling in our
 laughing eyes !
 Singing cheerily, cheerily, cheerily ;
 Clapping merrily, merrily, merrily,
 One, two, three, don't you see
 Where scholars love to be ?
2. Right hand up, left hand up,
 Whirling see our fingers go ;
 Folded now, let us bow
 Gently to each other, so !
 Singing cheerily, &c.

NOTE.—At the words "Patter patter," &c., let the scholars imitate rain, by striking the ends of the finger-nails on the desks irregularly, which will make a beautiful imitation of rain pouring down on the roof of a building. At the words "rush, gush, flash, dash," &c., at the end of the third and fourth lines, the hands may be all brought together with a clap ; the fingers then continue to imitate rain till the last line of each verse, when the hands will turn, palms upward and wave up and down in time.

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3. Eastward point, westward point ;
Left hand, Nadir, Zenith right ;
Forward fold, backward fold,
Arms a-kimbo, chests upright ;
Singing cheerily, &c.
4. Seated now, smooth your brow,
Then drum lightly on your crown,
O, what fun ; every one
Driving off each surly frown ;
Singing cheerily, &c.
5. Quickly stand, lungs expand,
Backward let our shoulders go ;
Life, and health, comfort, wealth,
We can thus improve you know ;
Singing cheerily, &c.
6. Both hands meet, then retreat,
Clasp, then whirl them round and round ;
Right hand fold, left hand fold,
Let's shake hands, like brothers * bound !
Singing cheerily, &c.

*Or sisters.

THREE LITTLE BOYS.

Three little boys, Smart little boys!—Nice
little boys !
How well they read ! How well they write !
How well they sing !
They all have gone to their school to-day ;
They had no wish to run off and play,
So merrily singing they tripped away !

NOTE.—In singing this round, nine little boys, or six boys

and three girls, or six girls and three boys may perform it on the stage, standing three together, fancing other three. When they sing "Three little boys," they will point and look at three other boys; or if girls, they will say "Three little girls," &c.

THE SCHOLAR'S PLEDGE.

Never the drunkard's drink, our lips shall stain ;
 Never the swearer's words, our tongues profane ;
 Ever our breath shall be, from tobacco's poison
 free ;
 Quarrels we'll shun, you see,—peace here shall
 reign.

TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.*

Here, Lord, I pledge perpetual hate, to all that
 can intoxicate ;
 I'll never use the filthy weed ; then from its evils
 I'll be freed ;
 Nor will I take thy holy name, upon my sinful
 lips in vain ;
 These vows, O Lord, may I fulfil,
 And thus perform thy holy will.

A JUVENILE CHANT OF WELCOME TO THE PRINCE.

Words and Music Original, and was intended to have been Sung by the 1500 Children of Kingston on the occasion of the Prince's visit.

1. We welcome, We welcome, We welcome you,
 Heartily, cheerily, joyfully welcome you,
 Pride of our noble Queen !

* Let this be sung once a day by all the children.

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With happy hearts and measures gay,
As one we all sing, all Hail ! this glad day !

CHORUS.

All Hail ! All Hail ! All Hail this glad day.
All Hail ! All Hail ! All Hail this glad day.

- 2 We come from the mountain,
We come from the valley,
Around your proud standard,
The emblems we bring of the brave and true,
The Rose, Shamrock, Thistle, and Maple Leaf
green,
Then Hail to thee, Albert ! and God bless our
Queen.
Then Hail to thee, Albert ! &c.

CHORUS.

Hail ! Hail ! Hail ! Hail ! Hail ! Hail ! H-a-i-l !

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

1. God save our gracious Queen
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen ;
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.
2. O Lord our God arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall ;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On thee our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

3. Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
 Long may she reign ;
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the Queen.

4. Do thou her steps direct,
Watch o'er her and protect
 Our Gracious Queen.
Shed o'er her heart a ray
Of Wisdom's glorious day,
Lov'd be Victoria's sway,
 God save the Queen.

THIS WORLD IS NOT SO BAD A WORLD.

1. This world is not so bad a world
 As some would like to make it,
Tho' whether good, or whether bad,
 Depends on how we take it ;
For if we scold and fret all day,
 From dewy morn till even,
This world will ne'er afford to man
 A foretaste here of heaven.
2. This world in truth's as good a world,
 As e'er was none to any,
Who have not seen another yet,
 And there are very many ;
And if the men and women, too,
 Have plenty of employment,
They surely must be hard to please,
 Who cannot find enjoyment.

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3. This world is quite a pleasant world,
 In rain or pleasant weather ;
 If people would but learn to live
 In harmony together ;
 And cease to burst the kindly bond,
 By love and peace cemented,
 And learn that best of lessons yet,
 To always be contented.
4. Then were this world a pleasant world,
 And pleasant folks were in it,
 The day would pass most pleasantly,
 To those who thus begin it ;
 And all the nameless grievances,
 Brought on by borrowed troubles,
 Would prove, as certainly they are,
 A mass of empty bubbles.

THE SWISS TOY GIRL.

1. I've come across the sea,
 I've braved every danger,
 For a brother dear to me,
 From Switzerland a ranger,
 Then pity, assist and protect a poor stranger,
 And buy a little toy of poor
 Rose of Lucerne, a little toy, a little toy,
 Spoken—Buy a toy ?
 Come buy a little toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.
2. Come round me, ladies fair,
 I've ribands and laces,
 I've trinkets rich and rare,
 To add to the graces,
 Of waist, neck, or arm,
 Or your sweet pretty faces,
 Then buy, &c.

3. I've paint and I've perfume,
 For those who may choose them,
 Young ladies, I presume,
 You all will refuse them,
 The bloom on your cheek,
 Shows that you never use them,
 Yet buy, &c.

WINTER.—SLEIGH-BELL SONG.

1. Jingle, jingle, clear the way,
 'Tis the merry, merry sleigh!
 As it swiftly glides along,
 Hear the burst of happy song.
 See the gleam of glances bright
 Flashing o'er the pathway white;
 Jingle, jingle, how it whirls,
 Crowded full of laughing girls.
 ||: Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, clear the way,
 'Tis the merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, sleigh :||
2. Jingle, jingle, on they go,
 Caps and bonnets white with snow.
 At the faces swimming past,
 Nodding through the fleecy blast;
 Not a single robe they fold
 To protect them from the cold;
 Jingle, jingle, 'mid the storm,
 Fun, and frolic keep them warm.
 Jingle, jingle, &c.
3. Jingle, jingle, down the hills,
 O'er the meadows, past the mills;
 Now 'tis slow, and now 'tis fast,
 Winter will not always last;

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Every season has its time,
 Spring will come and stop the chime ;
 Jingle, jingle, clear the way !
 'Tis the merry, merry, sleigh.
 Jingle, jingle, &c.

HAPPY LAND.

1. Happy land ! happy land !
 Where'er my fate in life may be,
 Still again, still again,
 My thoughts will cling to thee.
 Land of hope and sunny skies,
 Rich in joy and beauty,
 Merry hearts and laughing eyes,
 Still make affection duty.
 O happy land ! happy land !
 Ne'er from thee, my heart can stray.
 I would fain hear again,
 Thy merry mountain lay.
 La la, &c., the merry Switzer's mountain lay !
2. Happy land ! happy land ! &c.
 Like that bird of love and song,
 Far from its lov'd dwelling,
 When into the wild air flung,
 What joy its note is telling.
 O happy land ! happy land ! &c.

THE SLEIGH RIDE. "O, SWIFT WE GO."

1. O, swift we go o'er the fleecy snow,
 When moonbeams sparkle round,
 When hoofs keep time to music's chime,
 As merrily on we bound, as on we bound,
 ||: As merrily on we bound, :||
 La, la, la, &c.

2. On winter's night,
 When our hearts are light,
 And breath is on the wind,
 We loose the rein,
 And sweep the plain,
 And leave our cares behind,
 Our cares behind,
 As merrily on we go, &c.

3. With laugh and song,
 Thus we glide along,
 Across the fleeting snow;
 With friends beside,
 How swift we'll ride
 The beautiful track below
 The track below,
 As merrily on we go, &c.

4. The raging sea
 Has true joys for me,
 When gale and tempest roar;
 But give the speed
 Of the foamy steed,
 I'll ask for the waves no more,
 The waves no more,
 As merrily on we go, &c.

ERIN IS MY HOME.

1. Oh, I have roamed in many lands,
 And many friends I've met;
 Not one fair scene or kindly smile
 Can this fond heart forget;
 But I'll confess that I'm content:
 No more I wish to roam.
 ||: Oh, steer my bark to Erin's isle,
 For Erin is my home. :||

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HAIL!

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2. If England were my place of birth,
I'd love her tranquil shore ;
If bonny Scotland were my home,
Her mountains I'd adore ;
Tho' pleasant days in both I pass,
I dream of days to come, &c.

HAIL! THOU MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

1. Hail! all hail! thou merry month of May ;
We will hasten to woods away,
Among the flowers so sweet and gay.
Then away to hail the merry, merry May,
The merry, merry May ;
||: Then away to hail the merry, merry, month
of May. :||
2. Hark! hark! hark! To hail the month of May,
How the songsters warble on each spray,
And we will be as blithe as they, &c.
3. Hail! all hail! thou merry month of May.
The farmer to his plough hies away,
Old Winter's gone he's blithe and gay,
Gee up, ge ho is his merry lay,
His merry, merry lay,
Then away to hail, &c.

IDLERS.

1. So goes it with idlers, ||: they're laughed at :||
by all,
They lounge all the summer, and sleep all the
fall.

Chorus.—So goes it with idlers, ha, ha, &c.

2. When winter o'ertakes them ||: they're hungry :||
and cold,
||: And then they complain of hard times and
no gold, &c :||—*Cho.*
3. At school they learn nothing but ||: mischiev-
ous :|| play,
||: And when they are older, have nothing to
say. :||—*Cho.*
4. They're shunned by the learned, ||: they're
lazy :|| and poor,
||: And soon they're compelled to beg bread at
your door. :||—*Cho.*
5. So goes it with idlers, ||: they're laughed at :||
by all,
||: They lounge all the summer, and sleep all
the fall. :||—*Cho.*

"HOT CORN," OR LITTLE KATY'S PETI- TION.

1. Mama sends me in the storm friendless and
alone,
Here to cry my nice hot corn, from the
paving stone,
Please kind sirs—some pity take, buy for
little Katy's sake.
(Spoken to one.) "Hot, corn." (To another.)
"Hot corn sir." (To all.) "Nice hot
corn."
2. Father, mother, once were kind, when with
riches graced.
How intemp'rance makes the mind, wretched
and debased,
Tho' neglected none to care, still I love my
parents dear.

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Chorus.—

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Little girls must all be good, when with
hunger worn,
Never take but ask for food, pray, tho' poor,
forlorn,
Then when earthly cares are passed, angel
homes will bless at last.

ENCORE VERSE.

4. Little does the great know, little cares the
gay,
Few like you smile on me so, or heed what I
say,
May your paths thro' life ne'er have a thorn;
but aye be strewed with nice *hot corn*.

MIDNIGHT HOUR.

1. 'Tis midnight hour, the moon shines bright,
The dew drops blaze beneath her ray,
The twinkling stars their trembling light
Like beauty's eyes display.

Chorus.—Then sleep no more, tho' round my heart
Some tender dream may idly play,
For midnight song with magic art
Shall chase that dream away.

2. 'Tis midnight hour from flower to flower,
The wayward zephyr floats along,
Or lingers in some shaded bower
To hear the night bird's song.

Chorus.—(Repeat twice.)

WHERE ARE YOU GOING MY PRETTY MAID.

Boy.—Where are you going my pretty maid?:

Girl.— I'm going a milking sir, I am, sir I am, sir,
I am.

I'm going a milking, sir, I am.

B.—Shall I go with you my pretty maid ?:

G.—O yes if you please, kind sir you may, sir you may, &c.

B.—What is your father my pretty maid ?:

G.—My father is a farmer, sir he is, &c.

B.—Shall I marry you, pretty maid ?:

G.—O yes perhaps, kind sir you may, sir you may, &c.

B.—What is your fortune, my pretty maid ?:

G.—My face is my fortune, sir it is, sir it is, &c.

B.—Then I cant marry you, my pretty maid ?:

G.—No body axed you, sir to wed me, sir to wed me, &c.

ENCORE VERSES.

B.— I was but joking my pretty maid ?:

G.—(Spoken) "Indeed sir, were you?" So was I,
So was I, You were but joking so was I.

B.—Well suppose I should ask you again to wed me ?:

G.—Then I should say most decidedly, decidedly, decidedly.

(Spoken) Then I should be very apt to say.
No SIR-RE.

WELCOME HOME.

1. Welcome home, my dearest,
Kindest best and sweetest,
Welcome home again :
Sad have I been without thee,
There is a charm about thee,
And with thee sorrow care and pain,
Can ne'er remain.

Chorus. Welcome home my dearest welcome home

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Chorus.

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2. Tell me then, true-hearted,
 Since when last we parted,
 How has been thy way?
 Sad have I been without thee;
 There is a charm about thee,
 And now may we as one remain,
 Nor part again.

Chorus. Welcome home &c.

THE CLOCK.

Adapted to physical action.

1. See the neat little clock in the corner it stands,
 And points out the time with its two little hands,
 The one shows the moments, and the other shows
 the hour,
 As you often may see in the Church's high tower.
2. The pendulum swings inside the long case,
 And sends the two hands round its circular face,
 And lest they move on too slow, or too quick,
 It swings to and fro, with a tick, tick a tick.
3. There's a few little bells which the hammer does
 knock,
 And when we hear that, we can tell what o'clock,
 We mark 12 and 4, for then its the rule,
 Our lessons to finish, and march out of school.
4. Hark, hark, now it strikes, there's one, two, three,
 four,
 Five, six, seven, eight, will it strike any more?
 Oh yes if you listen, you'll hear when it's done,
 Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, and the next will be one.
5. Now the wheels would not move, nor the pendulum
 swing,
 Nor the hammer's tap-tap, make the little bell ring,

Only two heavy weights move the wheels round and
 round,
 And while they're in motion, they will make a sound.

6. So may I, like the Clock, with my face clear and
 bright,
 And my hands while they're moving always do right,
 The tongue must be guided to say, what is true
 Wherever I go, and whatever I do.

THE SOCIAL GLASS.

1st Voice—"I'm very fond of a social glass."

2nd " "So am I." 3rd. "So am I."

1st " "It makes the time so pleasantly pass,
 And fills the heart with pleasure."

2nd " "Ah, water pure doth brighter shine
 Than brandy, rum or sparkling wine."

3rd " "But sad is the fix, if the liquors you mix."

1st " "O I never do that." 2nd. "Nor I."
 3rd. "Nor I."

CHORUS.—O yes, we love the social glass,
 But it must be filled with water;
 Wisdom says be temperate now
 To every son and daughter.

2nd Voice—"I like with a friend an hour to pass."

3rd " "So do I." 1st. "So do I."

2nd " "But never with the social glasses,
 Unless it be cold water."

3rd " "No, friendship's joys are so divine,
 They never should be pledged with wine."

1st " "Perhaps you may think that I some-
 times drink."

2nd " "I certainly do." 3rd. "And I." 1st.
 "And I."

CHORUS.—O yes, &c.

3rd voice "
 1st " "
 3rd " "

1st " "

2nd " "

3rd " "

1st Voice—

2nd " "

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3rd voice "I love to sing a temperance glee."

1st " "So do I." 2nd. "So do I."

3rd " "I long to see the inebriate free,
And every moderate drinker."

1st " "You friends may think me a hard case ;
But strong drink never reached my face."

2nd " "Then I understand, your a Temperance
man."

3rd " "I reckon he is." 1st. "Your right."
2nd. "All right."

CHORUS.—O yes, &c.

ENCORE VERSE.

1st Voice—"I've taken now, the teetotal vow."

2nd " "So have I." 3rd. "So have I."

1st " "I've joy, and health, and friends "enow"
And e'en some little treasure."

2nd " "My mind is clear, I drink no wine,
Nor alienate no friend of mine."

3rd " "Nor early, nor late, get I broken my
pate."

1st " "As once was my case." 2nd. "And
mine." 3rd. "And mine."

CHORUS TO ENCORE VERSE.

If life be short, we'll make it gay,
Banish far all care and sorrow ;
The joys and friends we have to-day,
Shall not be foes to-morrow.

HOME.

1. Home, home, can I forget thee ?
Dear, dear, dearly loved home ;
No, no, still I regret thee,
Though I may far from thee roam.
||: Home, home, home, home,
Dearest and happiest home.:||

2. Home, home why did I leave thee?
 Dear, dear friends do not mourn:
 Home, home, once more receive me,
 Quickly to thee I'll return.
 ||: Home, home, home, home,
 Dearest and happiest home.:||

WE'LL NEVER DRINK AGAIN.

1. Come, all dear children, gather round,
 And sober learn to be:
 The surest way at length we've found.
 TEETOTAL safe and free.

CHORUS AFTER EACH VERSE.

*We're marching through teetotal ground,
 To spread its blessings all around:
 And then we all shall sober be,
 And never drink again.*

GIRLS.--||: *What, never drink again?*

BOYS.--*No, never drink again.:||*

*We're marching through teetotal ground,
 We'll never, never drink again.*

2. Each drunken man was once like you,
 A sober little boy:
 Oh then, dear Youths and Maidens too,
 Teetotal sign with joy.—*Cho.*
3. Though parents bid us sup their beer,
 And friends and masters too;
 We will not drink, we need not fear,
 But firmly answer.... *No!*—*Cho.*
4. We'll drink the cup of water pure;
 We'll breathe the air of love:
 And may our steps on earth be sure
 To fairer lands above.—*Cho.*

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WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN.

1. When shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever ?
When will peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever ?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes :
Never ; no, never.
2. When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river ?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless for ever ?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill,
Never ; no, never.
3. Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour ;
May we all there unite,
Happy for ever ;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never ; no, never.
4. Soon shall we meet again,
Meet, ne'er to sever ;
Soon shall peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever.
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes ;
Our songs of praise shall close,
Never ; no, never.

THEY LIKE IT.

1. One drinks because he's very hot,
As we are often told ;
Another can't refuse a pot,
Because he's very cold.
2. A third will drink because he's wet,
Its benefit to try ;
A fourth must sure a tankard get,
Because he's very dry.
3. Another must a bargain make,
And have a glass to strike it ;
While one and all the liquor take,
Because, in fact, they like it.

GENTLE NETTIE MOORE.

1. In a little white cottage,
Where the trees are ever green,
And the climbing roses blossom by the door :
I've often sat and listened
To the music of the birds,
And the gentle voice of charming Nettie Moore.
O ! I miss you, Nettie Moore.
And my happiness seems o'er,
While a spirit sad around my heart has come ;
And the busy days are long,
And the nights are lonely now,
For you'r gone from our little cottage home.
2. Below us in the valley,
On the river's dancing tide,
Of a summer eve I'd launch my open boat :

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And when the moon was rising,
 And the stars begin to shine,
 Down the river we so merrily did float.
 Oh ! I miss you, etc.

3. And often in the autumn,
 Ere the dew had left the lawn,
 We would wander o'er the fields far away ;
 But those moments have departed,
 Gentle Nettie too, is gone,
 And no longer sweetly with her can I stray.

4. Since the time that you departed,
 I have longed from earth to rise,
 And join the happy angels gone before ;
 I cannot now be merry,
 For my heart is full of woe,
 Ever pining for my gentle Nettie Moore.

5. You are gone, darling Nettie,
 I have mourned you many a day,
 But I'll wipe all the tears from my eyes,
 For as soon as life is past,
 I shall meet you once again,
 In heaven, darling, up above the skies.

ANNIE LISLE.

1. Down where the waving willows,
 'Neath the sunbeams smile ;
 Shadowed o'er the murm'ring waters,
 Dwelt sweet Annie Lisle ;
 Pure as the forest lily,
 Never thought of guile,
 Had its home within the bosom of loved
 Annie Lisle.

CHORUS. Wave willows, murmur waters,
Golden sunbeams smile ;
Earthly music cannot waken
Lovely Annie Lisle.

2. Sweet came the hallowed chiming
Of the Sabbath bell,
Borne on the morning breezes,
Down the woody dell.
On a bed of pain and anguish,
Lay dear Annie Lisle ;
Changed were the lovely features,
Gone the happy smile.

CHORUS. Wave willows, murmur waters, etc.

3. Toll bells of Sabbath morning,
I shall never more
Hear your sweet and holy music,
On this earthly shore
Forms clad in heavenly beauty,
Look on me and smile ;
Waiting for the longing spirit,
Of our Annie Lisle.

CHORUS. Wave willows, etc.

4. Raise me in your arms, dear mother,
Let me once more look
On the green and waving willows,
And the flooding brook :
Hark ! those strains of gentle music
From the choirs above :
Dearest mother, I am going,
Truly, " God is love."

CHORUS. Wave, willows, etc.

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JAMIE'S ON THE STORMY SEA.

1. Ere the twilight bat was flitting,
In the sunset, at her knitting,
Sang a lonely maiden, sitting
Under neath her threshold tree,
And, ere daylight died before us,
And the vesper stars shone o'er us,
Pitful rose her tender chorus
 Jamie's on the stormy sea.
2. Warmly shone the sunset glowing,
Sweetly breathed the young flow'rs blowing,
Earth, with beauty overflowing,
Seemed the home of love to be,
As those angels tones ascending,
With the scene and season blending,
Ever had the same low ending,
 Jamie's on the stormy sea.
3. Curfew bells remotely ringing,
Mingled with that sweet voice singing,
And the last red ray semmed clinging,
Lingeringly to tower and tree ;
Nearer as I came, and nearer,
Finer rose the notes, and clearer,
Oh ! 'twas heaven itself to hear her,
 Jamie's on the stormy sea.
4. How could I bnt list, but linger,
To the song, and near the singer,
Sweetly wooing heaven to bring her
 Jamie from the stormy sea :
And while yet her lips did name me,
Forth I sprang, my heart o'ercame me,
Grieve no more, sweet, I am Jamie,
 Home returned to love and thee.

THE LONE STARRY HOURS.

1. Oh ! the lone starry hours give me love,
 When still is the beautiful night ;
 When the round laughing moon I see, love,
 Peep thro' the clouds silver white.
 When no winds thro' the low woods, sweep,
 love.

And I gaze on some bright rising star ;
 When the world is in dream and sleep, love,
 Oh ! wake, while I touch my guitar.

CHORUS. When no winds thro' the low woods
 sweep, love,

And I gaze on some bright rising star ;
 When the world is in dream and sleep,
 love,

Oh ! wake, while I touch my guitar.

2. Till the red rosy morn grows bright, love,
 Far away o'er the distant sea,
 Till the stars cease their gentle light, love,
 Will I wait for a welcome from thee.
 And oh ! if that pleasure is mine love,
 We will wander together afar,
 My heart shall be thine, thine mine my love,
 Then wake, while I touch my guitar,

CHORUS. And oh ! if that pleasure, etc.

THE DAISY.

1. I'm a pretty little thing,
 Always coming with the spring,
 In the meadows I am found
 Peeping just above the ground,
 And my stalk is covered flat,
 With a white and yellow hat.

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2. Little lady, when you pass
 Lightly o'er the tender grass,
 Skip about, but do not tread
 On my meek and lowly head ;
 For I always seem to say,
 Chilly winter's gone away.

OH COME, COME AWAY.

1. Oh, come, come away, from labor now reposing,
 Let us busy care awhile forbear,
 Oh, come, come away.
 Come, come our social joys renew,
 And there where trust and friendship grew,
 ||: Let true hearts welcome you,
 Oh, come, come away. :||
2. From toil and the cares on which the day is
 closing,
 The hour of eve brings sweet reprieve,
 Oh, come, come away.
 Oh, come, where love will smile on thee,
 And round the hearth will gladness be,
 ||: And time fly merrily,
 Oh, come, come away. :||
3. While sweet Philomel, the weary trav'ler
 cheering,
 With evening songs her note prolongs,
 Oh, come, come away.
 In answering songs of sympathy,
 We'll sing in tuneful harmony,
 Of Hope, Joy, Liberty,
 Oh, come, come away.

4. The bright day is gone, the moon and stars
 appearing,
 With silver light illume the night,
 Oh, come, come away.
 Come join your prayers with ours, address
 Kind heaven, our peaceful home to bless,
 With Health, Hope, Happiness,
 Oh, come, &c.

WILL YOU COME TO THE SPRING.

1. Will you come to the spring that is sparkling
 and light,
 Where the birds carol sweetly, the sunset is
 bright?
 The cup runneth o'er with the purest of drinks,
 And as sweet as the flowers that bend from the
 brinks.
 Will you, &c.
2. Let it flow, lovely stream, while it gently imparts,
 The fair glow of beauty and peace to the heart;
 When the gay flowers droop in the noon sum-
 mer's heat,
 Or the bright dew descending restores ev'ry
 sweet.
 Will you, &c.
3. New blessings of life, it forever bestows
 Refreshing all nature wherever it goes;
 Will you come to the spring; will you join in
 the song,
 While notes full of music the chorus prolong.
 Will you, &c.

1. Now, sc
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 Our homes
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VACATION.

1. Now, school-house, adieu ? to your cheerful doors,
Adieu !

We leave for the present fair learning's stores,
Adieu !

Our parents dear we haste to meet,
Our homes and gardens in pleasure to greet,
Adieu ! Adieu ! Adieu !

Yet we will gladly return you.

2. Our books, we must hastily throw them by ;
Adieu !

On shelves, unmolested in peace to lie ;
Adieu !

Fair nature's leaves adorn the tree :
The woods and the fields shall our teachers now be,
Adieu ! &c., &c.

Yet we will gladly return you.

3. Our teacher's glad voice we shall here no more !
Adieu !

Till days of vacation have glided o'er ;
Adieu !

Yet well we know his * pleasant smile
Can never depart from our mem'ry the while ;
Adieu ! &c., &c.

Soon shall we gladly return to you.

* Or her.

BLOWING, SHAKING, AND ROARING.

1. Blow ! How ! the winds do blow !

Shake ! How the casements shake !

Roar ! How the tempest roars !

Shut the doors, and bar them—bar them !

- ||: Let the blazing fire be strong,:||
 ||: We will join to sing a song,:||
 We will join to sing a song, to sing a song.
2. Sing! Tho' the winds do blow!
 Sing! Tho' the casements shake!
 Sing! Let the tempest roar!
 We have shut the doors and barred them!
 ||: Let the raging tempest roar,:||
 Sing &c.

GOOD NIGHT.

1. ||: Good night! :||
 Now to all a kind good night!
 Lo! the moon from heaven is beaming,
 O'er the silver waters streaming,
 'Tis the hour of calm delight;
 Good night! good night! good night!
2. ||: Good night! :||
 Now to all a kind good night!
 Angel like, while earth is sleeping,
 Stars above their watch are keeping,
 As the Star of Bethlehem, bright!
 ||: Good night! :||
3. ||: Good night! :||
 Now to all a kind good night!
 Slumber sweetly till the morning,
 Till the sun, the world adorning,
 Rise in all his glorious might!
 ||: Good night! :||

THE BLUE BIRD'S SONG.

I'm a blue-bird, I'm a blue-bird,
 In the wild wood I'm singing,

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In the wild wood, by the brookside,
 Where the sweet flow'rs are springing,
 I'm a blue-bird, I'm a blue-bird,
 In the spring I live gaily,
 When the trees are sweetly blooming,
 Near my nest in the valley.
 I'm a blue bird I'm a blue bird,
 Thro' the sweet air I'm roving,
 With the wild flowers blooming round me,
 And the green boughs above.
 :: Upward springing light at morning,
 To the grove returning,
 Where among the branches,
 Golden sunshine dances,
 Lightly flitting over bonied fields of clover.
 Thus I pass the happy day.:||

2. I'm a blue-bird, I'm a blue-bird,
 Thro' the summer delaying.
 All the morning, till the evening,
 Thro' the green boughs I'm straying ;
 I'm a blue-bird, I'm a blue-bird,
 I'm the friend of the flowers,
 Singing gaily by the brookside,
 In the green leafy bowers ;
 I'm a blue-bird, I'm a blue-bird,
 In the spring you will greet me,
 Singing gaily in the morning,
 On the sweet blooming bough.
 :: When the summer's over swiftly
 To the sky I lift me,
 With the feathered legions,
 Sail to milder regions,
 There awhile a rover,
 Till the north wind's over,
 Till the winter wears away.:||

THE BUTTERFLY.

- 1. GIRLS. O ! pretty little butterfly,
We love to see you flutter by,
As, winging, winging, all the day,
You hie from flower to flower ;
BOY. I'll catch him !
GIRLS. No, 'tis cruel !
BOY. I'll catch him !
GIRLS. No, 'tis cruel !
Do not harm the pretty, pretty, butterfly,
Let him flutter, flutter, flutter, flutter by !
2. LITTLE GIRL. I wish I was a butterfly,
How happ'ly I'd flutter by,
And sipping honey all the day,
I'd hie from flower to flower ;
BOY. I'll catch him !
GIRLS. No, 'tis cruel ! &c.
3. GIRLS. I would not be a butterfly,
Before he'd wings to flutter by
He was a very homely thing,
A crawling on a tree ;
LITTLE GIRL. I wish I—
OTHERS. No you would not.
LITTLE GIRL. I wish I—
OTHERS. No you would not,
What, go crawling, munching, crunch-
ing on a tree,
And a cater, cater, caterpillar be !
[Repeat 1st verse.]

DEPARTURE OF WINTER.

1. Old winter ! now farewell, my friend !
Full many a merry meeting

Which
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Take
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3. When
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He sew
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The sho

Which thou hast brought us now must end ;
 We wait the spring's warm greeting.
 Take hence what was to us so dear :
 But bring it back another year ;
 ||: We'll not be sighing ; thou art not dying ;
 Adieu ! we meet again. :||

2. Old winter ! now farewell, my friend ! &c.
 And oh ! the spring, how sweet will be
 Thy harmony and melody,
 ||: Of birds in chorus, rejoice o'er us,
 But we shall meet again :||

3. When wearied nature needs repose,
 Thou'lt come, thy pleasures bringing ;
 Then round the crackling fire we'll close,
 Our winter ballads singing ;
 Or on the ice by night or day,
 On flying skates we'll glide away,
 ||: So I'll not sorrow, 'tis but to-morrow,
 Adieu ! we meet again :||

THE SHOEMAKER:

AIR :—“ *A Rose in the Garden.* ”

1. The shoemaker toils that our feet may be
 Protected from dampness and cold, you see ;
 He cuts out his leather of proper size and form ;
 The shoemaker keeps our feet all warm.
2. He makes all his *waxed-ends* so nice and long,
 He sews up the *seams* till they're tight and strong,
 He hammers out the *soles*, with his *lap-stone* on his
 knee ;
 The shoemaker toils for you and me.

3. The *uppers* he fixes upon his *last*
 He tacks on the *soles* with his *tacks* quite fast,
 And then he drives the *pegs* through the edges
 round and round,
 To keep our feet from the damp, cold ground.
4. He draws out the *tacks*, then the *soles* trims nice ;
 He pulls out the *last* with his *hook* in a trice ;
 He *rasps* off the *pegs*, that they may not prick our
 feet,
 Then he puts on the *polish* with his brush so neat.
5. Hurrah ! for the shoemaker faithful, true !
 Hurrah ! for his trade and his character too !
 While honestly he labours to keep us from the cold,
 We'll sing of the shoemaker brave and bold.

NOTE.—Make the appropriate mimic motions to all the verses. While singing the last verse, the right hand should be *swung round* in the usual manner.

SONG IN MOTION.

AIR :—*First part of buy a Broom.*

1. Now we little children assembled in school,
 Must all be attentive to order and rule ;
 We'll read or we'll sing, as our teacher commands,
 And keep time so nicely by clapping our hands.
2. Our hands and our faces so nice and so clean,
 And moving our fingers so nimbly are seen ;
 Our hands on our heads, next we'll prettily place,
 Then some arcs of a circle our elbows shall trace.
3. Our hands on our shoulders is next in our rule,
 And well do we place them, obedient in school ;

We'll give
 And count
 them

4. Our ne
 With arm
 We'll cla
 Then ha

5. Now I
 And step
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NOTE.—
 song, and
 ponding to
 last line of
 moving th
 syllable, v

Girls.—

Boys.

G.
 B.
 G.
 B.
 G.
 B.
 G.
 B.
 G.

We'll give them a toss up and down in the air,
And count one, two, three, four, while shaking
them there.

4. Our next true position is right about face,
With arms horizontal all true to their place ;
We'll clap once, again once, then 1, 2, 3, 4,
Then hands by our sides hanging true as before.

5. Now left about face we will turn once more,
And step out true time with our feet on the floor ;
When wearied with standing our arms we'll
stretch out,
And then we will twirl them so swiftly about.

NOTE.—The scholars may stand during the singing of this song, and make motions with their hands, arms, &c., corresponding to the words. The first exercise commences on the last line of the first verse. The arcs of a circle are made by moving the elbows up and down, at the utterance of each syllable, while the hands are upon the head.

THE WASHING SONG.

Girls.—* So we wash, wash altogether, wash, wash
away ;

This's the way we wash at school, to
have a game at play.

Boys.—So we chop, chop, &c.

G.—So we rinse altogether, &c.

B.—So we mow, mow altogether, &c.

G.—So we wring, wring altogether, &c.

B.—So we reap, reap altogether, &c.

G.—So we sprinkle, sprinkle altogether, &c.

B.—So we grind, grind altogether, &c.

G.—So we fold, fold altogether, &c.

B.—So we thresh, thresh altogether, &c.

G.—So we sew, sew altogether, &c.

B.—So we pound, pound altogether, &c.

G.—So we knit, knit altogether, &c.

B.—† So we stamp, stamp altogether, &c.

Both. { So we clap, clap altogether, &c.
 { So we sing, sing altogether, &c.
 { ‡ So we nod, nod all together, &c.

Motions of the hands, &c., are made by the scholars in accordance with the words. The boys and girls will take turns in singing.

† The toe of the foot only should be raised from the floor.

‡ This verse to be sung very slow and faint, finishing in imitation of sleep.

CLAP, CLAP, HURRAH.

1. Hold the right hand up, hold the left hand up ;
 Whirl the fingers briskly, clap, clap, clap ;
 See the blacksmith strike while the iron is hot ;
 Little boy wake up from your drowsy nap !
2. To the eastward point, to the westward point ;
 Fold your arms behind you, heads upright,
 See the drummer drum on his big brass drum !
 Let us step together—left foot, right.
3. Here we all stand up clapping merrily ;
 Let the arms extend*—clap once again.†
 See the sawer saw ‡ at the big wood-pile ;
 How it makes the blood move through each vein !
4. Let us seated be, and our arms fold up,
 Then again clap merrily, merrily O !

* Horizontally, to the *left* and *right*.

† Keep the arms perfectly straight, and swinging them upwards till they meet over the head.

‡ Bend the body over slightly, then move the hands, and arms with great force in imitation of the *wood-sawer*. This movement expands the chest admirably.

See the s
 For to

5. Now w
 Back
 See the s
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§ Stand p
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N. B.—A
 plause ; i.
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See the schoolgirl washing her hands and face,
For to school all clean she loves to go.

5. Now we rise again and our hands stretch up,
Back and forward quickly the elbows draw ; §
See the schoolboy driving his hoop along,—

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !—Hurrah ! Hurrah ! ||

§ Stand perfectly erect, shut the hands, and throw the elbows back suddenly as far as you can, then forward, till the arms are straight.

Swing the right hand, in the usual way.

N. B.—As soon as the Hurrah is over, give the *Tripple Applause* ; i. e., all clap briskly, then stop ; clap again briskly, then stop ; clap once more briskly, then stop. The teacher can hold up one hand as a signal for stopping.

THE CUCKOO.

Now the sun is in the west,
Sinking low behind the trees,
And the Cuckoo, welcome guest,
Gently woos the evening breeze ;
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo !
Gently woos the evening breeze.
Sportive now the swallows play,
Lightly skimming o'er the brook,
Darting swift, they wing their way
Homeward to their peaceful nook ;
While the cuckoo, bird of spring,
||: Still amid the trees doth sing,
Cuckoo, cuckoo, &c.:||

Cheerful see yon shepherd boy
Climbing up the craggy rocks,
As he views the dappled sky,
Pleas'd the cuckoo's note he mock's ;

Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo !
 Pleas'd the cuckoo's note he mocks.
 Now advancing o'er the plain,
 Evening's dusky shades appear,
 And the cuckoo's voice again,
 Softly steals upon mine ear ;
 While retiring from the view,
 Thus she bids the day adieu.
 Cuckoo, cuckoo, &c.

"COME, COME, SWEETLY SING."

1. Come, come, sweetly sing,
 Loud let the echoes ring,
 Every one has been invited,
 Be your voices all united.
 Come, come, sweetly sing,
 Loud let the echoes ring.
 Thus we'll join in joyful chorus,
 While the lesson is before us ;
 Come, come, sweetly sing,
 ||: Loud let the echoes ring.:||
2. Come, come, sweetly sing, &c.
 Join the pleasing recreation,
 In this ample habitation ;
 Come, come, sweetly sing, &c.
 Keep the pitch, preserve the movement,
 Now's the season for improvement.
 Come, come, sweetly sing, &c.
3. Come, come, sweetly sing, &c.
 Music in our hours of leisure,
 Will become a source of pleasure,
 Come, come, sweetly sing, &c.
 'Twill in seasons of devotion,
 Fill the heart with emotion.
 Come, come, sweetly sing, &c.

1. School
 And
 For h
 So

2. Here
 And
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 And

Girls. Little
 And
 If you
 O

Boys. Little
 To
 Or n
 W

SCHOOL IS BEGUN.

1. School is begun, so come every one,
And come with smiling faces,
For happy are they, who learn when they may,
So come and take your places.
2. Here you will find, your teachers are kind,
And with their help succeeding,
The older you grow, the more you will know,
And soon you'll love your reading.

Girls. { Little boys, when, you grow to be men,
And fill some useful station,
If you should be once, found out as a dunce,
O think of your vexation.

Boys. { Little girls, too, a lesson for you,
To learn is now your duty,
Or no one will deem, you worthy esteem,
Whate'er your youth or beauty.

A. B. C. SONG.

||: Do, do, sol, sol, la, la, sol,
Fa, fa, mi, mi, re, re, do. ||
Ah, how I love to sing fa, la, la,
Merrily, merrily, ha, ha, ha.
Do, do, &c.

||: A, B, C, D, E, F, G,
H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, :||
Q, R, S, T, U & V, W, X, Y & Z.
O how happy now are we,
Since we've learned our A, B, C.

SINGING IN SCHOOL.

1. O 'ts sweet to sing a cheerful song,
It makes us happy, happy all day long ;
And when at eve, our school we leave,
The melody still cheers us home.
We love our home, we love our friends,
Our parents' smile ; what joy it sends
To hearts like ours, so full of song,
We're happy, happy all day long.
La, la, la, la, &c.
2. O, we love to learn of teachers kind,
To cultivate our hearts, and store our mind ;
Our knowledge thus, will bless us here,
And make us useful every where.
And then, when slates and books put by
Our MUSIC BOOKS their place supply ;
Oh! then 'tis sweet to join the lay,
And sing the happy hours away.
La, la, la, la, &c.

THE YOUNG SOLDIERS.

1. Up ! up ! my soldiers hasten on,
March steady, man to man ;
The fife and drum are ready here,
||: And those may play who can :||
2. Let each one from the willow tree,
Cut him a horse to ride ;
And make him prance and gallop well,
||: And curl his head with pride. :||
3. Our swords NO BLOOD has ever stained,
They are of CEDAR WOOD ;
Our muskets bear NO BALLS OF LEAD,
||: But they are POP-GUNS good. :||

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5.

4. So now my soldiers, cock your hats
 Right fiercely, on one ear ;
 Then rush like hailstones on the foe,
 ||: They're harmless, never fear :||

SING ! GAILY SING.

1. Sing ! gaily sing !
 Let gladness round us ring ;
 This little, simple, cheerful lay,
 Shall be our parting song to-day.
 Sing ! gaily sing.
2. Sing, sweetly sing !
 What joys from home do spring ;
 The happy faces there we meet,
 The kindly smiles we always greet,
 Sing ! sweetly sing !
3. Sing ! loudly sing.
 What sports will evening bring ;
 We'll jump, and race, we'll skip and hop,
 We'll play at ball, at hoop, at top,
 Sing ! loudly sing !
4. Sing ! softly sing !
 When dusky night doth fling
 Its shadows o'er our drowsy heads ;
 In heavenly peace we'll to our beds,
 Sing ! softly sing !
5. Sing ! boldly sing !
 When cheerful task takes wing,
 We'll rise as brisk and merry too,
 Resolved our lessons well to do.
 Sing ! boldly sing !

SONG FOR MAY.

1. Blooming May makes all gay,
 Makes the blood right briskly play ;
 To fresh air we'll repair,
 Weave us garlands fair.
 Round us beams the bright sunshine,
 Flowers drip with odors fine :
 Birds, they sing, woods, they ring,
 Glad is every thing.

2. Here are seen meadows green,
 Where the chilly snow has been ;
 Colors bright, cheer the sight,
 After winter's night,
 Ruffled by the light spring breeze,
 Gleams the brook amid the trees.
 Sweet retreat, where we meet,
 In the Summer heat.

Hail ! oh Spring ! Youth you bring,
 Love and life on all you fling.
 Years fleet by, all shall die,
 Yet their spring draws nigh.
 Emblem of the light to come,
 And an ever blooming home ;
 Lovely May we'll away,
 To the fields so gay.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquaint,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonny brow was brent ;
 But now your brow is bald, John,

WHISTLE.

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Your locks are like the snow,
 Yet blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither ;
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither ;
 Now, we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And we'll sleer thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
 O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad ;
 Tho' father and mither, and a' shou'd gae mad,
 O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
 But warily tent, whan ye come to court me,
 And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee ;
 Syne up the back stile and let naebody see,
 And come as ye warnna coming to me,
 And come as ye warnna coming to me.

O, whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as though that ye car'd na a flee ;
 But steal me a blink o' your bonny blythe e'e,
 Yet look as ye warnna lookin' at me.

O, whistle, &c.

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,
 And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee ;
 But court na anither, tho' joking ye be,
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

1. I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm sa young, 'twad be a sin,
To tak' me frae my mammy yet.
For I have had my ain way,
Nane daur'd to contradict me yet;
So soon to say I wad obey,
In truth, I daurna venture yet.
For I'm, &c.
2. I'm o'er young, &c.
I am my mammy's ane bairn,
Nor of my hame am weary yet;
And I wad ha'e ye learn, lads,
That ye for me maun tarry yet.
For I'm, &c.
3. I'm o'er young, &c.
Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, Sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.
Spoken—(But nou.) I'm, o'er &c.

MOWERS' SONG.

1. When early morning's ruddy light
Bids man to labor go,
We haste with scythes all sharp and bright,
The meadow's grass to mow.
We mowers—dal de ral dey!
We cut the lilies and—ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Hay—hey day! yes, hay—hey day;
We cut the lilies and hay.

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2. The cheerful lark sings sweet and clear,
 The black-birds chirp away,
 And all is lively, sprightly here,
 Like merry, merry May.
 We mowers,—dal-de, &c.
 We roll the swaths of green,—ha, ha, &c.
 We roll the swaths of green hay.
3. The maidens come in gladsome train,
 And skip along their way,
 Rejoiced to tread the grassy plain,
 And toss the new mown hay.
 The maidens,—dal-de, &c.
 They rake the lilies and—ha, ha, &c.
 They rake the lilies and hay.
4. In jokes, and jests, and lively din,
 And songs of merry cheer,
 We lads and lasses happy join,
 With none to make us fear ;—
 We're freemen,—dal-de, &c.
 We're freemen while we make—ha, ha ; &c.
 We're freemen while we make hay.
5. When evening, with its dewy fall,
 Begins at length to come,
 The hay in lusty cocks we roll,
 And bear it gladly home :
 What's better,—dal-de, &c.
 What's better than to make—ha, ha, &c.
 What's better than to make hay ?
6. We fill our barns with ample store,
 To feed the flock and herd,
 And thus till winter's waste is o'er,
 No famine's blight is feared :—

We mowers,—dal-de, &c.

We mowers love to make—ha, ha, &c.
We mowers love to make hay.

7. And when the harvest all is done,
We give our joys the wing,
And happy voices, all as one,
Make heaven with music ring!
Thrice hail ye!—dal-de, &c.
Thrice hail ye! ye who make—ha, ha, ha, &c.
Thrice hail ye! who make hay.

FARMERS' BOYS.

1. Out in every tempest, out in every gale
Buffeting the weather, wind, and storm, and
hail.
In the meadow mowing, in the shady wood
Letting in the sunlight, where the tall oaks
stood.
Chorus.—Air, "Farmers' Girls." "Boys" instead
of "Girls."
2. Though the palm be callous, holding fast the
plough,
The round cheek is ruddy, and the open brow
Has no lines and furrows wrought by evil hours,
For the heart keeps wholesome, trained in
nature's bowers. *Chorus.*
3. At the merry husking, at the apple bee,
How their hearts run over, filled with harm-
less glee
How the country maidens blush with conscious
bliss,
At the love words whispered, with a parting
kiss. *Chorus.*

4. Then the
joys,
Bless
farm
Healthy
Heave

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||: Still
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3. And
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||: Still
A

4. Then their winter evenings, with their social
joys,
Bless me, they are pleasant, spent with
farmer's boys ;
Healthy, hearty pastime, the spirit never cloy.
Heaven bless the manly, honest farmers' boys.

Chorus.

THOUGHTS OF YORE.

1. I am standing by the window sill,
Where we have stood of yore,
The button wood is waving still, its branches near
the door,
And near me creeps the wild rose vine,
On which our wreath's were hung,
||: Still around the porch its tendrils twine,
As when we both were young :||
2. The little path that used to lead, down by the
river shore,
Is over grown with briar and wood, not level
as before,
But there's no change upon the hill,
From whence our voices rung,
||: The violets deck its summit still,
As when we both were young :||
3. And yonder is the old oak tree,
Beneath whose spreading shade,
When our young hearts were light and free,
In innocence we played ;
And over there the meadow gate.
On which our playmates swung,
||: Still standing in its rustic state,
As when we both were young :||

4. I see the little moss-grown spot,
 Beneath the yew-tree's shade,
 Where early friends (perchance forgot)
 In earth's embrace are laid,
 The early friends of hope and trust,
 Round whom our being clung,
 ||: All slumber "in the silent dust"
 Since you and I were young :||

SHIP AHOY!

1. When o'er the silent seas alone,
 For days and nights we've cheerless gone,
 Oh! they who've felt it know how sweet,
 ||: Some sunny morn a sail to meet. :||
 Sparkling on deck is every eye,
 "Ship a-hoy! ship a-hoy!" our joyful cry,
 When ans'ring back we faintly hear,
 "Ship a-hoy! ship a-hoy! what cheer! what cheer!"
 Now sails aback, we nearer come,
 Kind words are said of friends and home,
 But soon, too soon we part in pain,
 ||: To sail o'er silent seas again, :||
2. When days and months have passed away,
 And homeward, o'er the evening sea,
 Our vessel flies; when dreamy sleep
 ||: Hath lull'd to rest the sky—the deep :||
 Hark! from the top, the watchman's cry,
 "Land a-head! land a-head! I spy, I spy!"
 When all around, on deck we come,
 "Land a-head! land a-head! our home! our home!"
 Now as we speed our rapid way,
 Our grateful vows to heaven we pay,
 And soon we kiss our native shore.
 ||: To sail o'er silent seas no more. :||

SONG OF

1. Through
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- SLEEPY
1. We a
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SONG OF THE REAPERS—HARVEST TIME.

1. Through lanes with hedge-rows pearly,
Go forth the reapers early
 ||: Among the yellow corn, :||
Good luck betide their shearing,
For winter's tide is nearing,
 ||: And we must fill the barn, :||
||: Tra la la la, tral la la la!
The busy harvest time, :||

2. At noon they leave the meadow,
Beneath the friendly shadow
 ||: Of monarch oak to dine ; :||
And 'mid his branches hoary
Goes up the thankful story,
 ||: The harvest is so fine. :||
||: Tral la la la, tral la la!
The blessed harvest time :||

3. And when the west is burning,
From shaven fields returning,
 ||: Upon the wane they come ; :||
When all their hamlet neighbours,
Rejoice to end their labors,
 ||: With merry harvest home. :||
||: Tra la la la, tral la la la!
The joyous harvest time. :||

SLEEPY TIME.—A FINALE FOR A CONCERT
OR PUBLIC EXHIBITION.

1. We are all noddin',* nid, nid, noddin',
We are all noddin', and droppin' off to sleep.
To gain your approbation we have all done
 our best,

So we beg you'll now excuse us, and we'll home
to our rest.

For we're all noddin', &c.

Spoken.—And now, friends, you see how sleepy
we are getting; excuse us this evening, and to-
morrow morning we will be up with the lark,
singing,

||: Up in the morning's cheerful light,
Up in the morning early,
The sun is shining warm and bright,
And the birds are singing cheerily.:||

Spoken.—But now we can only sing,

2. We are all noddin', nid, nid, noddin',
We are all noddin', and droppin' off to sleep.
Our parents dear are waiting (O, we hope they
will not *scold*),
Our teacher too is tired; so, good night, young
and old.

For we're all noddin', &c.

* The Teacher can train his Scholars to "*substitute the action to the word*," producing a very novel and amusing effect if he chooses. Should this be attempted, care must be taken that they all "nod" together uniformly, and in perfect time with the music.

MOONLIGHT BOAT GLEE.

1. Heave off, heave off, heave off,
O seamen stay no more;
The moon is up, the breeze is fair,
O boatmen ply the oar.
Heave off, &c.

2. Row on, row on, row on,
And lightly skim the bay;

The rip
To say

3. Shine o
Thou s
The nig
But nov

4. Sing on
And si
And let
Till we

1. Up in
Strain
Turni
Sweet
Makin
Wash
Dusti

Chorus. O, ho
We s
How
Of the

2. Brush
fo
Clear
Spini
Sprea
Down

The ripples move to meet the shore,
To say we're on our way.

Row on, &c.

3. Shine on, shine on, shine on,
Thou silver-lighted moon ;
The night is dark when thou art gone,
But now as light as noon.

Shine on, &c.

4. Sing on, sing on, sing on,
And sing it o'er and o'er ;
And let the notes be on the air,
Till we shall reach the shore.

Sing on, &c.

FARMERS' GIRLS.

1. Up in the early morning, just at the peep of day,
Straining the milk in the dairy,
Turning the cows away,
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,
Making the beds up stairs,
Washing the breakfast dishes,
Dusting the parlor chairs,

Chorus. O, how merry the lay, as light and gay,
We sing of the farmers' girls hurah !
How merry the lay we carrol to-day,
Of the merry farmers' girls.

2. Brushing the crumbs from the pantry, hunting
for eggs at the barn,
Cleaning the turnips for dinner,
Spining the stockings yarn,
Spreading the whitening linen,
Down on the bush below,

Ransacking every meadow,
Where the red strawberries grow.

Chorus.

3. Starching the fixings for sunday, churning the
snowy-white cream,
Rinsing the pails and the strainer,
Down in the running stream,
Feeding the geese and the turkeys,
Making the pumpkin pies,
Jogging the little ones cradle,
Driving away the flies.

Chorus.

Grace in every motion, music in every tone,
Beauty of form and feature.
Thousands might covet in town ;
Cheeks that will rival spring roses,
Teeth the whitest of pearls.
One of these country maids are worth
A score of your city girls.

Chorus.

TEMPERANCE COMPACT.

- (*Girls.*) Say, Brothers, will you join us,
The drunkard's child to save ?
(*Boys.*) In the Saviour's name we'll join you
The drunkard's child to save.
(*Boys.*) Say, Sister, will you join us,
The drunkard's life to save ?
(*Girls.*) In the Saviour's name we'll join you,
The drunkard's life to save.
(*B. & G.*) Fathers, Mothers, will you join us,
The drunkard's home to save ?

(*Adults.*)

(*B. & G.*)

(*All.*)

THE

While you
come a
O be free
wine,
Drink with
fairest
||: 'Tis for
thine.

Brighter bo
vacant
Welcome
still ;
Leave the
the he
||: Now awa
Tra, la

Jolly tinker
While o'
Thro' life's
Lie all w

Chorus.—V

(*Adults.*) In the Saviour's name we'll join you,
The drunkard's home to save.

(*B. & G.*) Fathers, Mothers, Teachers, join us,
The drunkard's soul to save ;

(*All.*) Then we'll swell the blissful chorus
When Christ the lost shall save.

THE TEMPERANCE INVITATION.

Come, come, come,
While you may, while 'ts day, ere the night is,
come away,
O be free, come with me ; flee the treach'rous
wine,
Drink with us the lucid spring—nature's purest,
fairest thing,
||: 'Tis for thee, drink it free, joy and health be
thine. Tra, la, la, &c. :||

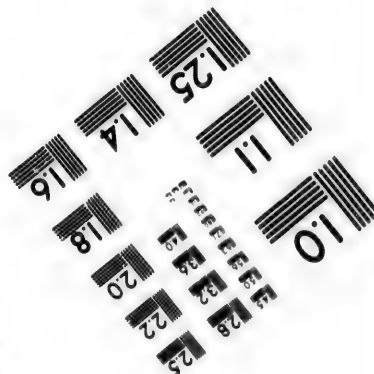
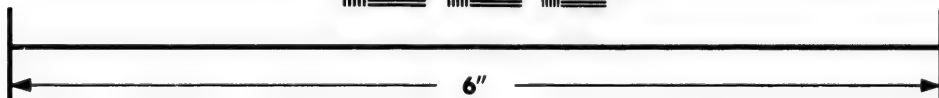
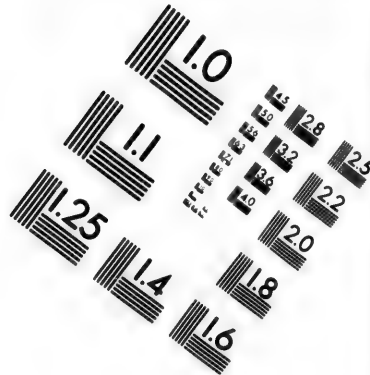
Come, come, come,
Brighter bow'rs, fairer flowers, bloom to greet thy
vacant hours,
Welcome thou, welcome now, wherefore linger
still ;
Leave the deadly cypress shade, roam with us
the healthful glade,
||: Now away, and for aye, sip the sparkling rill.
Tra, la, la, &c. :||

THE JOLLY TINKERS.

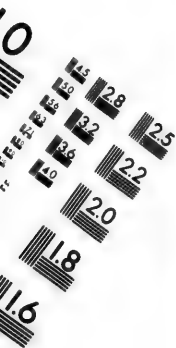
Jolly tinkers we are, free from sorrow and care,
While o'er the world we trudge it ;
Thro' life's varied scenes our ways and our means
Lie all within our budget.

Chorus.—Work for the tinkers, ho ! good wives,
For they are lads of mettle ;





**23 WEST MAIN STREET
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(716) 872-4503**



'Twere well if you could mend your lives
As we can mend a kettle.

2. Many tinkers of late try to patch up the state,
And some to pick holes do endeavor ;
But we will be bound that the rivets are sound,
And the metal will last forever.
Work for the tinkers, &c.

3. O then, tinkers all, let what will befall,
Mind your work with a good resolution,
Let us make all to ring for a true British Queen,
And a British constitution.
Work for the tinkers, &c.

THE FROG.*

1. Of all the funny things that live,
In woodland marsh, or bog,
That creep the ground, or fly the air,
The funniest thing's the frog ;
The frog the scientificest of nature's handy work.
The frog that neither walks nor runs,
But goes it with a jerk.
2. With pants and coat of bottle green,
And yellow, fancy vest,
He plunges into mud and mire,
All in his Sunday best ;
When he sits down, he's standing up,
As Pat O'Kim once said,
And for convyanance sake he wears, his eyes on
top his head.
3. You see him sitting on a log,
Above the "vasty deep,"
You feel inclined to say, "Old chap,

Just
You
His
But
Ado
* For
Frogs at

1. Si
C
Le
Fr

2. C
W
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L

3. N
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L

Just look before you leap!"
 You raise your cane to hit him o'er
 His ugly looking mug;
 But ere you get it half way up,
 Adown he goes, *ker chug!*

* For chorus to this song, the scholars may imitate the
 Frogs at the end of each verse.

SILENTLY.

1. Silently! silently
 Ope' and close the school-room door;
 Carefully! carefully!
 Walk upon the floor!
 Let us, let us strive to be
 From disorder ever free,
 Happily! happily!
 Passing time away.
 La, la, la, la, la, la,
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
2. Cheerfully! cheerfully!
 Let us in our work engage;
 With a zeal, with a zeal,
 Far beyond our age.
 And if we should chance to find,
 Lessons that perplex the mind,
 Persevere, persevere,
 Never lesson fear!
 La, la, la, &c.
3. Now we sing, now we sing,
 Gaily as the birds of spring,
 As they hop, as they hop,
 On the high tree top.
 Let us be as prompt as they,

In our work or in our play,
 Happily! happily!
 Passing time away.
 La, la, la, &c.

LET THE JOYS OF YOUTH APPEARING.

Solo. ||: Let the joys of youth appearing,

Duet. Let the joys of youth appearing,

Semi Cho. Let the joys of youth appearing,
 Let the rays of beauty cheering,

Chorus. Drive the curse of rum away,
 Drive the curse of rum away :||
 ||: Cheerful singing lively measure,
 Voices ringing joy and pleasure
 Bring a brighter, happier day,
 Bring a brighter, happier day :||

Girls. Cheerful singing. *Boys.* Lively measure

Girls. Voices ringing. *Boys.* Joy and pleasure,

Cho. Cheerful singing lively measure,
 Voices ringing joy and pleasure,
 Bring a brighter, happier day,
 Bring a brighter, happier day :||

Solo. Drink, and hear the voice of duty,

Duet. Drink, &c.

Semi Cho. Drink, &c.

Drink and warble notes of beauty,
Chorus. Beauty blooms where water flows,
 Beauty blooms where water flows :||
 ||: In the sweeping, weeping willow,
 On the sleeping maiden's pillow,
 And the bosom of the rose,
 And the bosom of the rose :||

Girls. In the sweeping. *Boys.* Weeping willow,

Girls. On the sleeping. *Boys.* Maiden's pillow.

Cho. ||: In the sweeping, weeping willow,
 On the sleeping maiden's pillow,
 And the bosom of the rose,
 And the bosom of the rose :||

PEARING.

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 f duty,
 beauty,
 flows,
 flows :||
 willow,
 low,
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 ping willow,
 en's pillow.

WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER.

1. What's a' the steer, Kimmer, what's a' the steer,
 Jamie is landed, and soon he will be here,
 Go lace your boddice blue, lassie, lace your
 boddice blue.
 Put on your Sunday claithes and trim your cap
 anew ;
 For I'm right glad a heart, Kimmer, right glad
 a heart,
 I ha'e a bonnie breast knot, and for his sake
 I'll wait, sin' Jamie is come hame, we ha'e nae
 care to fear,
 Bid the neighbors a' come down and welcome
 Jamie here.
2. Where's Donald Tod ? lassie, rin' fetch him here ;
 Bid him bring his pipes, lassie, bid him tune rin
 clear ;
 For we'll taste the barley mow, lassie, foot it
 too and fro—
 Sin' Jamie is come hame, we'll gi'e him hearty
 cheer,
 And its what's a' the steer, Kimmer, what's a'
 the steer,
 Jamie is landed and soon he will be here ;
 Bid Allan Ramsay, rin bid him kill a fatted deer,
 O the neighbors little ken how welcome Jamie
 here.

KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

1. Bright thing can never die,
 E'en tho' they fade,
 Beauty and minstrelsy
 Deathless were made.
 What tho' the summer day,
 Passes at eve away,
 Doth not the moon's soft ray
 Silver the night.

Chorus.—Kind words can never die,
 Never, never die;
 Kind words can never die,
 No, never die.

2. Kind words can never die,
 Cherish'd and blest,
 God knows how deep they lie
 Stor'd in the breast;
 Like childhood's simple rhymes,
 Said o'er a thousand times,
 Age in all years and climes
 Distant and near.

Chorus.

3. Childhood can never die,
 Wrecks of the past,
 Float o'er the memory
 Bright to the last;
 Many a happy thing,
 Many a daisy spring
 Float o'er time's ceaseless wing,
 Far, far away.

Chorus.

1. Be
 So
 As
 ||: S
Chorus

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STAR OF THE EVENING.

1. Beautiful star, in heav'n so bright ;
Softly falls thy silv'ry light,
As thou mov'st from earth afar ;
||: Star of the ev'ning, beautiful star. :||
Chorus.—Beautiful star, beautiful star ;
Star of the ev'ning, beautiful, beautiful
star.

2. In fancy's eye thou seem'st to say,
Follow me, come from earth away ;
Upward thy spirit's pinions try,
||: To realms of love beyond the sky, :||—*Chorus.*
3. Shine on, O star of love divine ;
And may our soul's affections twine,
Round thee as thou mov'st afar ;
||: Star of the twilight, beautiful star. :||—*Chorus.*

MY MOTHER DEAR.

1. There was a place in childhood that I remem-
ber well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone, bright fairy
tales did tell,
And gentle words and fond embrace were given
with joy to me,
When I was in that happy place, upon my
mother's knee.
My mother dear ! my mother dear ! My gentle,
gentle mother.
2. When fairy tales were ended "good night," she
softly said,
And kissed and laid me down to sleep within
my tiny bed,

And holy words she taught me there, methinks
 I yet can see
 Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my
 mother's knee.
 Oh &c.

3. In the sickness of my childhood, the perils of
 my prime,
 The sorrows of my riper years, the cares of
 every time,
 When doubt or danger weigh'd me down, then
 pleading all for me,
 It was a fervent prayer to heaven that bent my
 mother's knee.
 My &c.

THE LORDS OF CREATION.

1. The Lords of creation, men we call,
 And they think they rule the whole ;
 But they're much mistaken after all,
 For they're under woman's control.
 As ever since the world began
 It has always been the way,
 For did not Adam, the very first man,
 ||: The very first woman obey, obey, obey,
 obey !:||
2. Ye Lords, who at present hear my song,
 I know you will quickly say ;
 "Our size's more large, our nerves more
 strong ;
 Shall the stronger the weaker obey ?"
 But think not tho' these words we hear
 We shall e'er mind the thing you say ;
 For as long as a woman's possessed of a tear
 Your power will vanish away.

3. But should there be so strange a wight
 As not to be moved by a tear,
 Tho' much astonished at the sight,
 We shall still have no cause for fear.
 Then let them please themselves awhile
 Upon their fancied sway,
 For as long as a woman's possessed of a smile
 She will certainly have her own way.

4. Now, Ladies, since I've made it plain
 That the thing is really so,
 We'll even let them hold the rein,
 But we'll show them the way to go ;
 As ever since the world began
 It has always been the way,
 And we'll manage it so that the very last man
 Shall the very last woman obey.

COME, CHEERFUL COMPANIONS.

1. Come, cheerful companions, unite in this song,
 Here's to the friend we love !
 May bountiful heaven their sweet lives prolong !
 Here's to the friends we love !

Cho. Oh ! sympathy deepens whenever we sing ;
 Friendship's the mystical word in our ring ;—
 ||: Here's to the friends :|| Here's to the friends
 we love !

2. And first, the dear parents who watch o'er our
 youth,—
 They are the friends we love !
 And next to our teachers, who tell us of truth,—
 They are the friends we love !
 Oh ! sympathy, &c.

3. Next, think of the absent, to all of us dear,—
 Think of the friends we love !
 Oh ! would they were with us, oh ! would they
 were here !
 They are the friends we love !
 Oh ! sympathy, &c.
4. And here's to the good, and the wise, and the
 true,—
 They are the friends we love !
 Their beautiful lives are for me and for you—
 They are the friends we love !
 Oh ! sympathy, &c.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

1. Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
 I lay me down in peace to sleep ;
 Secure I rest upon the wave,
 For thou, Oh Lord hath power to save,
 I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
 For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall !
 ||: And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
 Rocked in the cradle of the deep. :||
2. And such the trust that still were mine,
 Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
 Or though the tempest's fiery breath
 Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death !
 In ocean cave still safe with thee,
 The germ of immortality ;
 And calm, &c.

THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN.

1. There's many a man of the Cameron clan,
 That has followed his chief to the field ;

He has sworn to support him, or die by his side,
For a Cameron never can yield.

Chorus.—I hear the Pibroch sounding, sounding,
Deep over mountains and glens ;
While light springing footsteps, are trampling
the heath,

||: Tis the march of the Cameron men :||

2. O, proudly they walk, but each Cameron knows,
He may tread on the heather no more,
But boldly he follows, his chief to the field,
Where his laurels were gathered before.

Chorus.

3. The moon has arisen, it shines on the path,
Now trod by the gallant and true ;
High, high are their hopes, for their chieftain
has said,
That whatever men dare, they can do.

Chorus.

SIMON AND RUTH.

THE LITTLE QUAKER AND QUAKERESS.

1. *Simon.* Dost thou love me, sister Ruth ? say,
say, say.

Ruth. As I fain would speak the truth, Yea,
yea, yea.

S. Long my heart has yearned for thee,
pretty sister Ruth,

R. That has been the case with me, dear
engaging youth.

2. *S.* Wilt thou promise to be mine, maiden
fair

R. Take my hand, my heart is thine, There
there, there.

S. (*saluting her*) Let us, thus the bargain seal, O ! dear me, heigh ho !

R. (*aside*) Lauk ! how very odd I feel ! O ! dear me, heigh—ho !

3. *S.* Love like ours can never cloy, ha, humph, ha,

R. While no jealous fears annoy, ha, humph, ha,

S. O, how blest we both should be, hey down, ho down hey !

R. I could almost dance with glee, hey down, ho down hey !

THE LITTLE MAID.

1. There was a little maid, and she wore a little bonnet

She had a little finger, with a little ring upon it,
She pressed her little waist, to such a little size
That it made her little blood rush to her little eyes.

2. This pretty little maid had a pretty little bean,
Who wore a little hat, and gloves as white as snow,

He said his little heart was in a little flutter,
That he loved the little maid, and no one else but her.

3. She smiled a little smile, when he breathed his little vows,
And he kissed her little hand, with many little bows.

By little and by little, her little heart did yield,
Till little tears and sighs, her little heart revealed.

4. A little while alas, and her little beau departed,
With all his little vows, and left her broken
hearted.

Now all ye little maids, a moral I will give you,
Dont trust to little men, they surely will deceive
you.

ENCORE VERSE.

Kind friends, my little song, may cause a little
feeling,
To little little hearts, that want a little healing,
Our costly little goods in little parcels laid,
Like little little men, and little little maids.

I'D CHOOSE TO BE A DAISY.

1. I'd choose to be a daisy, if I might be a flower,
My petals closing softly, at twilight's quiet
hour,
And waking in the morning, when falls the
early dew,
To welcome heaven's bright sunshine,
And heaven's bright tear-drops too.
Chorus.—I'd choose &c.

2. I love the gentle lily, it looks so meek and fair
But daisies I love better, for they grow every
where,
The lilies blooming sadly, in sunshine or in
shower,
But daisies still look upward, however dark
the hour.
Chorus.—I'd choose &c.

THE LITTLE SUP.

The temp'rance cause, I wish it well,
It cries to help come up,

Help you that choose, but for myself
 I love a little sup.
 The noble effort I approve,
 And ever cry it up,
 But I'll not sign the pledge, because
 I love a little sup.

Ten thousand tortured wives cry out,
 And beggar'd babes "give up,"
 I hear their cries and pity, but
 I love a little sup.
 The doctor says it hastens death
 And why not quit the cup,
 And so I would but I know why,
 I love a little sup.

The preacher urges next 'tis a sin
 And shames the church, "give up,"
 My secret plea is stronger yet
 I love a little sup.
 All arguments I can outbrave,
 That bids the pledge take up,
 This one is proof against their force,
 I love a little sup.

Tho' conscience speaks, tho' health declines,
 Tho' nature warns, "give up,"
 I hear, and feel, and know ; but O,
 I love a little sup.
 Tho' groans, and blood, and death, and hell,
 All cry forsake the cup,
 I know 'twere best ; but then, but then,
 I love a little sup.

SOUND OUR VOICES.

For Opening Concert, &c.

1. Sound our voices long and sweet, and roll the
stirring drum,
Friends and neighbors round us meet, and to our
greeting come,
Come where music floateth oft, on soft and stilly
air,
Ye whose hearts by grief beset, and ye whose sky
is fair,
Sweetly music's joyous notes, fall upon the list'-
ning ear,
Swell the strain until it floats, on the night air
clear,
(Repeat first two lines, sound our voices &c.,)
2. Earth, her festal garments show, her robes of glit'-
ring white,
And her crystal brilliants throw, rich, sparkling
starry light,
Come when music floateth oft, &c.
Sweetly music's joyous, &c., (and repeat as before.)

BEAUTIFUL ENGLAND.

1. Beautiful England, bright Queen of the sea,
First of the nations, the fearless, the free ;
Fair are thy daughters, like stars in the sky,
Brave are thy sons when the war-storm is
nigh ;
Pure is thy glory, unsullied thy fame,
Liberty's laurels encircle thy name,
(For *Chorus*. Repeat first two lines.)
2. Beautiful England thy name is entwined

With all that ennobles, enlightens mankind,
 In peace o'er the waters thy flag shines afar,
 But woe to the tyrants that rouse thee to war ;
 Thy spirit undaunted, shall prove as of yore,
 No foeman shall trample on liberty's shore.
Chorus.—Beautiful England, &c.

THE LITTLE SAILOR BOY'S LAMENT.

1. They say 'tis here where mother lies, deep, deep,
 down in the ground,
 How long has she lain here, ||: beneath this
 little mound. :||
2. They say 'twas long ago she died, when I was
 far away,
 Drear winter was around, ||: And it stormed
 upon that day. :||
3. It was spring, when my little sister died, but I
 was on the sea,
 And then poor mother wept, ||: Because I was
 away. :||
4. But father said she calmly died, was patient,
 meek and mild ;
 And oft' times she would grieve, ||: for me, her
 cruel child. :||
5. O mother ! mother, do forgive, or else my heart
 will break,
 But ah ! no sound I hear, ||: and she can never
 speak. :||

THE WORKING TEMPERANCE SONG.

1. Times won't be good, 'tis plain to see,
Till we're rid of Alcohol,
And then we'll have a glorious time
To roll the temp'rance ball;
Then let us rouse with might and main
Together one and all,
And work, and work, and work, and work
Against King Alcohol.
2. The Tailors, they are on the road,
Queen temp'rance they extol,
They vow they never got a job
From old king Alcohol.
They'll baste and stitch, and cabbage, and sponge,
And press, and sew, and hem,
||: And stitch, and stitch :||
For all the temp'rance men.
3. Shoemakers too, with right good will,
Will join the working throng,
And what they do for temperance
They'll do both neat and strong.
They'll cut, and crimp, and last, and stitch,
And peg, and black, and ball,
||: And peg and peg :||
And peg, Old Alcohol.
4. The blacksmiths will roll up their sleeves
And make their sledges swing,
And in the cause of temperance
They'll make their anvils ring.
They'll blow, and strike, and forge, and weld,
And make the cinders fly,
||: And hammer, and hammer :||
For Alcohol must die.

5. The Butchers too, are right on hand,
 With knives and aprons all,
 And ready are to go to work
 To dress old Alcohol.
 They'll stick, and cut, and dress, and carve,
 His carcass they will spoil
 ||: And carve, and carve :||
 And carve old Alcohol.
6. The Coopers they are on the spot,
 With barrels ready made,
 To pack away old Alcohol
 And send him to "the shade."
 They'll raise, and cross, and guage, and hoop,
 With hoops both great and small,
 ||: And hoop, and hoop :||
 And hoop up Alcohol.
7. The ladies too, O! bless their hearts,
 Will aid us in our cause,
 And what they do for Temperance
 Will meet with our applause,
 They'll *laugh*, and *cry*, and *sing*, and *sigh*,
 And *smile*, and *pout*, and *frown*,
 ||: And *talk*, and *talk* :||
 • The monster out of town.

FLOW GENTLY ST. LAWRENCE

Composed for the Montreal Bands of Hope.

Flow gently St. Lawrence among thy green trees,
 Flow gently we'll sing thee a song in thy praise,
 We love thy pure water, thy sweet silver stream,
 And near thee would linger by moonlight's soft
 beam—

The tide of intemp'rance has had its full sway,
 The wine cup we'll banish away, far away.
 Then come to Mount Royal, our city of fame,
 We'll sing of thy praises St. Lawrence again.

- carve,
2. Thy pure stream, St. Lawrence, how smoothly it
 glides,
 And winds by the cot where contentment resides,
 At ev'ning we fain by thy green banks would
 stray,
 And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.
 Flow gently sweet river, flow gently along,
 We praise thee, tho' prayer is the theme of our
 song,
 That the flame of intemp'rance extinguished may
 be,
 Mount Royal ! Mount Royal ! we'll shout, then,
 "We're Free."

PRETTY BIRD.

- sigh,
1. Come, come pretty bird, and sing a song for me,
 I'll listen with pleasure, to your sweet melody,
 Come, come and begin, I'll learn your happy
 strain,
 And warble so sweetly o'er hill and flowery
 plain.
 ||: Sing for me, :|| pretty, pretty bird.
- CE
 f Hope.
2. Sing, sing, pretty bird, your song I love to hear,
 It trembles so sweetly upon the listening ear ;
 Come, come and begin, dont droop your pretty
 wing,
 But turn your eye on me and sweetly, sweetly
 sing.
 Sing for me, &c.
- een trees,
 y praise,
 r stream,
 ght's soft

HERE IS HEALTH FOR LADS AND LASSES.

Solo. ||: Here is health for lads and lasses,

Duet. Here is health for lads and lasses,

Semi Cho. Here is health for lads and lasses,
Sparkling in our crystal glasses,

Chorus. O how cheerily it flows,
O how cheerily it flows :||

||: Health that gushes from the fountain,
Health that rushes down the mountain

||: Health that blushes in the rose, :||

Girls. ||: Health that gushes. *Boys*—From the
fountain,

Girls. Health that rushes. *Boys*—Down the
mountain.

Chorus. Health that gushes from the fountain,
Health that rushes down the mountain
Health that blushes in the rose,
Health that blushes in the rose :||

Solo. ||: Banish every care and sorrow.

Duet. Banish, &c.

Semi Chorus. Banish, &c.

Though to-day be dark, to-morrow

Chorus. Joy will gild our path again,
Joy will gild our path again :||

||: Raise your voices sons and daughters
Earth rejoices and the waters,
Join the happy, glorious strain,
Join the happy, glorious strain :||

Girls. ||: Raise your voices. *Boys*.—Sons and
daughters,

Girls. Earth rejoices. *Boys*.—And the waters,

Cho. Raise your voices sons and daughters,

ND LASSES.

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d lasses,
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he fountain,
he mountain
rose, :||

—From the

—Down the

he fountain,
he mountain
rose,
rose :||

nd sorrow.

t, to-morrow
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again :||

nd daughters
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ain :||

—Sons and

the waters,
ughters,

Earth rejoices and the waters,
Join the happy, glorious strain,
Join the happy, glorious strain :||

RED WHITE AND BLUE.

Britannia the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free ;
The shrine of each patriot's devotion
A world offers homage to thee
Thy mandates make hero's assemble
When liberty's form stand in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble
||: When borne by the red white and blue :||
Thy banners make tyranny tremble ;
When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,
And threat'ned the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation
Old England rode safe through the storm ;
With her garlands of vict'ry around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,
And fill you it true to the brim,
May the wreath's they have won never whither
Nor the star of their glory grow dim,
May the service united ne'er sever,
But they to their colour's prove true,
The army and Navy for ever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

SONG OF THE MONTHS.

By twelve little Girls joining hands, moving in a circle. They may be dressed in character.

1. As we circle in our song, January comes along,
February bright and gay, March with winds and
busy play.

April with its smiles and showers,
Pastures green and sunny bowers ;
(*Stopping, May, June, July and August, in front.*)

Solos. I'm bright May, and June am I, I'm July,
and August I.

(*Moving again and singing the scale to the following.*)

Here comes pale and wan September,
Bright October, cold November,
Last December, old and grey,
Heralds in the winter's day.

(*Ring opens and a boy representing 29th, of February is in readiness, months sing.*)

2. ||: Thirty days hath September, April, June, and
November, :||

||: All the rest have thirty one, :||

||: Except the second, and that alone

Has four times seven, has twenty—

(*29th of Feb., peeps from his hiding place and calls out in perfect time.*) "nine" :||

Months. "Who are you, you mossy drone,"

29th. "I'm weary and tired in every bone,"

"I've been asleep this many a year."

Help me off with my cloak, for I cant
get clear.

(*Months take off his cap and cloak, at a certain signal.*)

Sing

3. M

5.

6.

Singing. "Now we know you twenty-nine,
Dressed in coat and colours fine ;
Come into our merry ring,
Come and join us while we sing.

3. *Months* { Leap year's come once more you see,
Your right glad sir, so are we.

29th {
Feb. { Yes I'm weary of this life.

M. Ah sir, you should choose a wife,
Twelve such pretty maids as these,
If you dont, your hard to please.

29th. "O, I'm weary of my life,
I think I'd better, *M.* Choose a wife.

M. Here's Miss January sir,
29th. —Pretty—— ; but can't wait for her.

M. Here's Miss February too,
29th. She's my sister, don't you know ?

M. Here's Spring's eldest, cleverest child,
29th. To spend my money. She's too wild,
O I'm weary of my life,
I think I'd better, *M.* Choose a wife.

5. *M.* Here's fair April as you see,

29th. She's too changeable for me.

M. Here's bright May, 29th She's too gay,
Miss June next 29th I'm so preplexed,
O dear, &c.

6. *M.* Here is blooming Miss July,

29th. Coquettish now, wait—by and by.

M. August and September fair,

29th. What an independent air !

M. Bright October, and November,

29th. Rather cool, if I remember ;

M. Now December's last you know,

29th. She's my grand ma, ha, ha, ho.

Chorus. O, I'm weary of my life,

Because { 29th. I cannot Choose a wife
M. You will not

Scale Why bless our eyes, you'r so precise,
More nice than wise,
We'd you advise ;
To go to sleep of years a score,
If not, at least till 64.



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THE CANTATA
OF THE
FESTIVAL OF THE ROSE,
OR,
A DAY IN ARCADIA.

The "Festival of the Rose," or "A day in Arcadia," (from different works, with additions and alterations by the compiler of this book,) represents a festival among shepherds and shepherdesses, and is founded on a beautiful custom said to prevail in a certain village, viz.: That of crowning with a wreath or crown of roses, the maiden who has the year past, been the most dutiful to her parents and teachers, and beloved by her associates for her kindness to all, and for her amiable deportment. (No one should be chosen for queen, who has not these qualifications, and in addition, must be able to sing and speak well.) It would be as well to have variety in dress, (as there is no particular pleasure in beholding a garden where all the flowers are one colour,) and each maiden with a neat wreath of flowers on her head, taking care to have that flower (in the wreath and dress) predominate which she personates. The Zephyrs and Fairies, may have their dresses covered with bright bits of gilt or silvered paper, bits of looking glass, spangles, or anything that sparkles, this may be easily and cheaply arranged. The Fays and the Fairy goodwill, the Olive branch.

The boys may wear evergreen garlands (decked with flowers.) The Marshalls, Heralds, Messengers, Sentinel, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses, Wood Nymphs, Naiads, Flora, Faith, Hope, Charity, Maids of Honor, Pages, Graces, Caretakers, &c., &c., &c., all (if convenient) appropriately dressed in character, and enter in procession and regular order, or if not convenient (for want of ante-rooms, time, &c.,) the scholars may be seated and sing in the order suggested, and each one having, some office still, or distinguished badge, that none may feel slighted. (Here is a difficulty. "To give each one, as long and as important a part as an other, and keep on the right side of both friends and children.") The Stage (and if possible the Hall,) must be decorated as to represent a little fairy forest with shrubs and flowers; but not so much as to hide the scholars from the view of the audience. Tissue paper is preferable for making flowers. The little girls will soon make a sufficient No. of flowers to decorate the stage with. Make them (at the dictation of older heads,) at your leisure, and then they will be ready when wanted.

N.B.—Pieces and Characters may be substituted or left out, if it does not destroy the connection. Conductor may use his own discretion.

The festival commences with an introductory overture, or a voluntary with voices.

OVERTURE.

(Distant voices) ||: Farewell, (M.P.P.) :||
 ||: Farewell, farewell ye fairy fountains, :||
 Now we leave you, sadly greiving,
 Swiftly, (M.P.,) hastening, soon returning.

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(Hall gradually lights up.)

||: So the night doth yield to morning,
And the darkness haste away, :||

Swift away, swift away,
To the scenes of joy and pleasure

||: Swift away :|| to the happy Arcadian vales.

N.B.—The foregoing may be sung by 10 or 12 girls, concealed from view, at the commencement singing soft, and gradually increasing as if approaching.

RECITATION.

By two or more boys as shepherds.

Lo ! now red sunlight glances o'er the hills,
Beams from the brooks, and dances on the rills :
Along old oaken glades it gleams in fire,
And wakes to music all the forest choir.

No fisher's skiff invades the waves afar,
No harvest gatherer fieldward drives his car.
The shepherd cots are dressed in green array,
And happy hands prepare a festal day.

Hark ! the glad bugle, from the mountain's side,
Rich tones o'er vallies fair are echoed wide ;
Now cheerful swains adown the woodland hie,
And list ! what melody comes floating by.

(By several voices outside.)

1. ||: Glorious Morning :||

Now let the forest wake, now let the mountains
speak,

||: Goodness unsearchable. Goodness unsearch-
able :||

Love ever nigh.

See from the hills, the distant fields look gay,

Maidens approach with smile and step of May,
 ||: Glorious Morning :||
*(For brevity one or two verses may now and then
 be omitted.)*

2. ||: Loveliest azure :||
 The eagle mounts on high, and mocks the
 gazer's eye,
 ||: So would we soar away. So would we soar
 away :||
 Fearless and free,
 Ne'er to desires of earth we bend the knee,
 E'er shall our souls be pure and fresh like thee,
 ||: Loveliest azure :||
3. ||: Gentle Alphaia ! :||
 ||: The nymphs thy shores along :||
 ||: Sing to the melody. Sing to the melody :||
 Softly and clear,
 Haste, comrades, haste, along the flowery glen,
 Soon must the song, the song and feast begin,
 ||: Gentle Alphaia. :||

Chorus of Shepherdesses descending the Mountain.

1. Welcome fair morning, blithely returning,
 Our festal day.
 ||: Filled are our hearts with gladness ;
 Banished the thought of sadness ;
 With merry song, with merry song,
 We hail the day. :||
 ||: Hail, all hail, our joyous festal day. :||
2. Welcome each maiden, light flower laden,
 The fields along ;

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||: Shepherds their flutes are sounding,
 Lambs on the pastures bounding.
 O happily, O happily,
 Tones nature's song :||
 Hail, all hail, &c.

(Enter Shepherdesses, followed by others.)

3. Tune then your voices, nature rejoices,
 And why not we ?
 ||: Joy on the hill tops glowing,
 Joy in the brooklet flowing,
 We hail the morn, we hail the morn
 With merry glee. :||
 Hail, all hail, &c.

(Shepherds address Shepherdesses.)

"Hail sisters fair, your joy and presence prove
 Your steps in virtue's path still love to rove."

(Shepherdesses respond.)

"Hail brothers kind ! may goodness e'er prevail
 In after years, when youth and beauty fail."
 Chorus, Hail, all hail, &c.

RECITATION.

By several girls with strong clear voices.

Now as bright Iris from her sapphire hall,
 Advance the Nais of the waterfall !
 The woods, the groves, a beauteous troop unfold
 Their gorgeous robes of emerald and gold,
 No spirit dares with mortal to appear,
 Whose heart shows falsehood, or whose brow
 unclear,

Hail Nymphs, (*Enter Nymphs and Naiads*,) Naiads
fair, your joy and presence prove,
Our steps in virtue's faith still love to rove.

Chorus of Wood Nymphs.

1st. The birds are on the swinging bow,
And carolling rejoicing now,
And we as blythe as they.
Cheerily, cheerily, we hail the day,
While bounding with the startled fawn,
While floating o'er the scented fawn,
We Erymanthynae;
All hail! all hail ye maidens fair.

Naiads.

And near each crystal fountain,
Where fairy moonbeams quiver,
Along the silver waters,
O bright and flowing river.
And where the rainbow arches the mighty
waterfall,
||: There we wander :|| at night and morning hour;
||: There we wander :|| at night and morning hour,

Naiads.

||: Then welcome ye nymphs, ye nymphs of Ery-
manth :||
||: Hail this joyous festal day :||

Wood Nymphs.

||: Then welcome ye nymphs that along the
water glance :||
(*Naiads and Wood Nymphs in chorus.*)
||: Hail this joyous festal day :||
"Fare smiling morn,"
Fuge, (*by the whole class*).

THE ORPHAN FLOWER GIRL.

The girl who takes this part now enters with hat on, and a basket of flowers, she appears from her manner and dress, not to be identified with the festive party, and looking strangely around on the fairy scene, and seeing all eyes turned towards her, timidly withdraws, when the one who is to personate Flora enquires.

"Who, pray tell, was the stranger,"

(*Class respond*) "The Orphan Flower Girl of the wild moor."

Flora, "The O. F. G., of the wild moor?"

'Tis said that modesty her person, and purity her heart adorn.

Go call her, (*messenger starts*), persuades her to return, for mark ye, such should be sought after as our companions, and such only are worthy of a seat at Flora's Feast of Flowers. Stay one moment (*messenger obeys*), present this rose the pledge of our sincerity. Reward awaits your hasty return. (*Messenger*), "To know that we do our duty, and your pleasure is a sufficient reward fair Flora."

(*Flora*.) Alike regardless all of wealth or state,

Our motto is, "*The good alone are great.*"

And if you really think the Orphan Flower Girl worthy, you have no better way, perhaps, of healing the wounds, and, in some measure, of binding up a heart, broken by the unfeeling hand of adversity; of cheering, and causing to return a ray of gladness to the heart that was once as happy and as gay as any here.

Than by making her queen

Come, answer comrades, answer true,

That to the crown be honor due,

That virtue have its praise and meed,
Thus hath our custom old decreed.

(*Chorus in answer.*)

Aye Flora, dear, the maid you've chosen,
E'er hath shown a heart sincere ;
Truth, her bright star, hope, her fair token,
Never unkind, faith never broken.

(*Flora.*) "Hath the Sentinel no tidings of the Orphan Flower Girl."

(*Sentinel.*) "No tidings Fair Flora."

(*Flora*) "Who of all my bright subjects, shall I send to assist the Messenger, in her search for the Orphan Flower Girl."

(*Class.*) "Send the Fays and Fairy goodwill."

(*Flora.*) "Well Fays and Fairy goodwill, do you want to go."

(*Fays.*) "O yes send us, send us."

(*Flora.*) "Well Fays go and assist in the search for the O. F. G. One go one way, and another in another direction, you will probably find her down in the woods gathering flowers, *exit Fays*, Class Sings.

THE WOODS CHORUS.

1. ||: How charming are the woods, the verdant
shady woods, :||

The trees with the leaves all in motion ;
Hum sweet as the murmuring ocean,
They're murmuring in the woods, verdant
shady woods.

2. ||: How charming &c. :||

The tree tops bow down with a greeting,
As if to rejoice in the meeting,
The meeting in airy woods, in verdant shady
woods.

3. ||: H

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3. ||: How clear our voices swell, in verdant shady woods, :||

And hark how the echoes are ringing,
They give back the words we are singing,
Are singing in airy woods, in verdant shady
||: woods. Hallo ! hallo ! hallo ! hallo ! :||

(*The repeat P. P.*)

(*Enter Messenger.*)

"Tidings fair Flora."

Flora. "What tidings."

Mess. "The Fays with the Orphan Flower Girl are without, waiting your further pleasure."

Flora. "Permit them to enter."

(*Class Cheers. O. F. G. acknowledges the same.*)

(*Messenger.*) "Fair Flora ! I have great pleasure in introducing to you the Orphan Flower Girl of the Wild Moor."

(*O. F. G. bows and says,*) "No intrusion, I hope."

(*Flora.*) "Not in the least, but you appear to be sad and lonely."

(*O. F. G.*) "'Tis true, I am alone, all alone in this world, and although I own it is my duty to cultivate a cheerful disposition ; yet want, adversity, and the absence of loved ones, causes me sometimes to be guilty of sadness."

(*F.*) "Where is your home, miss."

(*O. F. G.*) "The wild Moors is the only home I have now."

(*F.*) "How do you obtain food and clothing."

(*O. F. G.*)

By selling these wild-wood flowers, and the people are often very kind to me, and in passing on my way from the distant village, the sound of

music, and the sweet voice of song fell upon my ear, and turned my steps hither, and when I caught a glimpse of this happy throng, my sense of propriety gave place to the enchanting scene, and being quite unable to break the spell, I thoughtlessly entered; but fearing my presence might be prejudicial to your happiness I withdrew; but have returned to answer to your fair summons, (*holding up the rose*). Your further pleasure Fair Flora.

F. It is the pleasure of the flowers Miss to have you join their company, if you will, and assist them in a few duties which we hope will neither be dishonourable nor unpleasant.

(*O. F. G.*) "Any duty is honourable and should be pleasant. I will acquiesce as far as my abilities will allow; but do not expect too much from one so young and inexperienced as your humble servant.

F. "By what name may we have the pleasure of calling you."

(*O. F. G.*) "Mary," *F.* We shall not expect any impossibilities; but, can you sing Mary.

Mary, Alias O. F. G., Alias Queen. "A little."

(*Class.*) "Song Mary, Song Mary, Mary, a Song."

(*Mary bows, consents and sings pensively.*)

1. "They called me Blue Eyed Mary,
When friends and fortune smiled,
But ah! how fortunes vary,
Now I am sorrow's child.

(*Cheerfully.*) Flowers, wild wood flowers, in
a sheltered dell they grew,
I hurried along and I chanced to spy, this
small star flower, with its silvery eye,
Then this blue Daisy peep'd up its head.
Sweetly this purple Orchis spread.

||: I gathered them all for you, :|| All these wild
wood flowers,
Sweet wild wood flowers :||

2. Flowers, lovely flowers in a garden we may see,
The rose is there, with her ruby lip,
Pinks, the honey-bee loves to sip ;
Tulips as gay as a butterfly's wing,
Marigolds rich as the crown of a king,
||: But none so fair to me :||
||: As these, wild wood flowers,
Sweet wild wood flowers, :|| .
I gathered them all for you, &c.

The Tune "Road to Boston," may be played before next piece.

A Yankee tin merchant, who is supposed to have lost his way among the mountains of Arcadia, now approaches the scene of festivity. We hear him singing in the distance :—

" Ho ! the car emancipation
Proudly ride through every nation ;
Bearing in its train the story,
Liberty a nation's glory ;
||: Roll it along, :|| (*Instrument.*)
Roll it along, every nation.
Freedom's car, emancipation."

(*Approaching and singing slower as if encountering difficulties.*)

" O, these mountains hard and stony,
O, these paths so rough and thorny ;
Branching out through different radia,

(*Appearing in sight.*)

Is this the place you call Arcadia.

Chorus.

Welcome joyous, welcome stranger,
 Welcome to Arcadian vales ;
 Thro' our mountain land a ranger,
 Safe escaped from every danger,
 ||: Cast thy toil and care away ;
 Join the shepherd's song and play. :||

||: Much we wonder, :||
 Whence you came, and whither roam,
 Surely tis some far off nation,
 Pleasure waits on your relation,
 ||: Tell us of that distant home,
 Who you are, and whither roam. :||

(Yankee.)

Friends I'm very much confounded,
 Was a merchant of tin ware,
 May as well lay down my trade now ;
 Am a Swain, or Shepherd made now.
 ||: From New England am by birth,
 The fairest, noblest spot on earth :||

(Little Girl speaking), "Except Arcadia."

(Yankee.) "O yes, except Arcadia."

(By half the Choir on the Yankee's right.)

"Sing us the song we heard you singing."

(Y.) Well, I will, if it pleases you,

(Choir on the left, repeat,) Yankee responds.

THE RECRUIT SOLO,

By the Yankee.

I journeyed once away down east, and came unto
 a city,
 In which I thought to stay awhile, and labor,
 more's the pity ;

For there, while strolling down the street, I met a
 drum and fife, sirs ;
 It was the finest tune they played, I'd heard in all
 my life, sirs.

Dide rum dum dum, &c.

*The interlude between, is intended to represent a
 fife or drum.*

A sergeant came to me, and said, "You are a
 sturdy youth sir ;
 And such a brave and martial air I never saw, in
 truth, sir ;
 Now if you wish a merry life, and lots of fame and
 glory,
 Just sign this paper, and my friend, the way is
 strait before ye."

Dide rum dum dum, &c.

I signed the paper ; they began to drill me and to
 arm me,
 And with a crowd of other fools I marched to join
 the army ;
 They dressed me in uniform of red and blue and
 white, sirs ;
 We walked all day in heat and dust—slept on the
 ground at night, sirs.

At length we met a host of men, who seemed much
 such as we, sirs ;
 Folks said it was the enemy ; thinks I, "What
 can that be ?" sirs.
 They drew us up on a level land, according to a
 plan, sirs ;
 The enemy began to point their guns at every man,
 sirs.

"Holloa!" cried I, "don't fire this way; this field is full of people!"

But fire they did, and smoke rose up, high as a village steeple.

The bullets whistled past our ears, the small arms made a rattle;

A cannon ball took off my leg, and left me *hors du* battle.

Dide rum dum dum, &c

The infantry ran over me; behind, a pack of horsemen,

Who rolled me as they'd roll a log; I thought myself a lost man.

But when enough of fame was made, they stopped the agitation,

And sent me to the hospital, to suffer amputation.


Chorus by the class.

Now, friend, if e'er the road to wealth lies straight and free before ye,

Keep safe your legs to travel there, and shun the way to glory,

This glory is a famous word for those who love to tattle,

But quite another thing to those who're SHOT AT——in a battle.

 *At the words "shot at," let the choir clap their hands, and remain perfectly silent during the pause, until the teacher says "in."*

FRENCH CHANSONETTE.

The words are given as pronounced.

1. El-a--tay-toong-bear-zshay-ray,
A-rong-rong-rong, pit-e-pat-a-pon,
El-a-tay-toong-bear-zshay-ray,

El gar-day-say-moo-tong, a rong,
El gar-day-say-moo-tong.

2. El feet-un-gross from—age
A-rong-rong-rong, pit-e-pat-a-pon,
El-feet-un-gross fro-mahge,
||: Cet bear-zshair day moo-tong, a rong,
Cet-bear-zshair day moo-tong. :||

ECHO CHORUS.

The repeat's to be sung P. P.

1. Echo in the hollow glen,
Wake ye from your stilly sleep ;
Let us hear your voice again,
||: Clear and deep. :||
||: Warble for us, Echo sweet, :||
||: Tell tale spirit, listen :||
||: Now our merry song repeat ||
Answer now, (sir, now,)
Echo pray, (O pray,)
||: Will you join our feast to-day ? :||
||: Will you, :|| ||: will you, :||
||: Will you pray ? :||
2. Echo in the hollow glen,
Prithee hear our happy song,
Then repeat the mellow strain,
||: Loud and long :||
||: Happy could we dwell like you, :||
||: In the silent valley ; :||
||: Sleeping years and ages through. :||
Will you come, (you come,)
Echo say, (O, say,)
||: Will you join our feast to day ? :||
Will you, &c.

Yankee looks amazed, not knowing from whence the sounds proceed, and takes his leave remarking.

"Well friends like to stop, but cant well, I reckon I must be going, tho' I am happy to meet."
(Class.) "Sorry to part."

(Y.) Happy to meet again,
(Class.) "Good-bye." (Y.) "Good-bye."
(Class.) "Good-bye." (Y.) Good-bye-e-e,
(Class.) Good-bye-e-e-e.

Yankee sings in the distance.

Then come along, come along, make no delay,
Come from every nation, come from every way.
Our lands they are broad enough, dont you be
alarmed,
For Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us a'l a
farm.

SONG OF FLORA AND HER ATTENDANTS.

Nymphs of the mountain and maids of the valley,
Shepherds that rove o'er each beautiful hill,
Gather my flowers, receive them most freely,
Cull from the woodland or glade as ye will,
Oh, Nymphs of the mountain and maids of the
valley,

Freely receive for your beautiful queen.

||: Gentle queen, gentle queen, gentle queen, gentle
queen. :||

||: Our realms for thee, have an offering fair :||

Flora, sweet Flora hath charge o'er the meadows,
To guard the young flowers in their opening fair,
Mild is the fairy, as soft evening shadows,
Freely receive of the fruit of her care.

Oh! nymphs of the mountain, and maids of the valley,
 Freely receive from your beautiful queen.
 Gentle queen, &c.

TO YOUR STATIONS !

To your stations, to your stations !
 See the lovely Queen advancing,
 To your stations, to your stations,
 In the hour be not found wanting,
 Cheerful welcome, cheerful welcome to the
 one whom love as chosen,
 To the sovereign of the noble rose, and fragrant lily bell !

*Here maids of honor, Faith, Hope, Charity, Graces,
 Pages with Wreath, Crown, Sceptre, &c., &c.,
 get their places.*

MAKE WAY FOR THE QUEEN !

The heralds advance a few steps in front of the procession, and sing,—

Make way for the Queen !
 Make way for the Queen !

(Queen advances slowly.)

As she joyously comes,
 From her vales so green,
 Make way for the Queen !

RECITATION OF MOTTOES.

Harmony. Harmony from heav'n sent, to cheer
 The heart when tired of human strife.

Love. "Love is (the key note of music, and) the
 fulfilling of the law."

Or this. What robs each sorrow of its keenest
 edge ?

What gives us earth's supremest bliss to prove ?
 What is the future's dearest, sweetest pledge ?
 It is the human heart's full blessing, love.

Kindness. Kindness, human, to the taste how sweet.

Friendship. And Friendship's chain, has every link complete.

Modesty. Modesty (*unmocked*) in timid beauty glows.

Meekness. Meekness twin-sister, beauty's hidden rose.

Truth. My days of youth, though not from folly free,

I prize the truth, the more the world I see.

I'll keep the straight and narrow path,

And, lead where e'er it may,

The voice of *truth* I'll follow and obey.

Or this. "Buy the truth, and sell it not."

Wisdom "Also, wisdom and understanding."

Virtue. 1st voice, Virtue } Journey side by
Beauty. 2nd voice, and Beauty. } side.

Grace. Nor can fair grace with voice uncouth abide

Joy. Joy fills the heart of duty's children.

Peace. Peace paves with pearls their path to heaven.

Or this. When all within is peace,

How nature seems to smile,

Delights that never cease,

The live long day beguile,

From morn to dewy eve,

With open hand she showers

Fresh blessings to relieve,

And sooth the silent hours.

A ROSY CROWN WE TWINE FOR THEE.

1. A rosy crown we twine for thee,

Of Flora's richest treasure,
 We lead thee forth to dance and glee,
 To mirth and youthful pleasure,
 Take, O take the rosy, the rosy crown,
 Flora's richest treasure,
 Flora's richest treasure,
 Take, O take the rosy, the rosy crown.

2. We bade the fairest flowers that grow
 Their varied tribute render,
 To shine above that brow of snow,
 In all their sunny splendor
 Take, O take, &c.
3. Then deign to wear the wreath we twine,
 Thy beauteous ringlets shading,
 And be its charms a type of thine
 In all, except in fading.
 Take, O take, &c.

PRESENTATION OF THE GARLAND.

By one personating Faith.

Sunny days have strewn the flowers,
 O'er this favored land of ours,
 We have twined a garland gay,
 To adorn our queen to-day;
 Here the rose and myrtle vine,
 Gracefully together twine;
 Every flower of fairest hue,
 We have brought to offer you.
 Queen, accept this offering free,
 For affection gives it thee.
 May this emblem faith impart,
 Circling in thy youthful heart.

PRESENTATION OF THE CROWN.

By one personating Hope.

Chosen one, advance, bend down,
 On thy brow I place a crown,
 Not of gold, or jewels rare,
 Such too oft are fraught with care.
 This is formed of buds and flowers,
 Culled from Nature's fairest bowers,
 Fitted they so fresh to twine
 Round a brow as young as thine;
 Sweetest flower of all that blows,
 Queen, thy crown must bear the rose.
 Emblem this of hope to shed,
 Constant blessings on thy head.

PRESENTATION OF THE SCEPTRE.

By one personating Charity.

Though the jewels rare may shine
 In each monarch's diadem;
 Though their golden sceptres gleam,
 Bright as pictures of a dream;
 Yet O gentle sovereign, we
 Deem this flowery wand for thee,
 Fittest emblem of the law
 Which our hearts in love shall draw,
 Rule us, maid of fairest mien,
 Chosen, modest, lovely queen.
 May all the graces be combined
 With Charity, to rule mankind.

Queen, after being crowned, is led to the front of the stage by Hope, and with a look as if she really felt happy.

"Once more I'm happy Mary,
 Once more has fortune smiled."

(Moral slow and distinct.)

Who ne'er from virtue vary,
May yet be fortune's child.

(Curtain closes as the last sounds die away, all the class with joy beaming in their faces, incline their bodies towards the audience.)

N. B.—Take care that this part is well done.

Queen is Seated.

FAIRIES HASTEN TO-NIGHT.

1. Come to the woody dell, night-birds are singing,
Come while the flower bells softly are ringing,
Come in the moon-beam's light,
Come while spray is white.

||: Fairies, fairies hasten to night :||

Cho. Come in the moonbeam's light, come while
the spray is white.

||: Fairies, fairies, hasten to night, :||

||: Hasten to night :|| ||: to-night :||

2. Mortal eye seeth not, our midnight dances,
Mortal eye hath forgot, all in sleep's trances,
Bright as the fountain jet, Fairies together met.
||: Lightly, trip we, merrily :|| *Chorus.*

3. Come on the Zephyrs wing, come from the roses
Sweets from the lily bring, e're its cup closes.
Come, &c. (see 1st verse.)

*The "Fairy Queen next,"—(and if a suitable voice can be selected for second,) "Fairy Good Will" comes to front of stage and sings,
"Come from the Glen."*

Come from the glen, come from the hill,
Zephyrs and fairies, Sprites of the rill.

Come thro' the air, come on the stream,
 Come in the dew drop, and moon's silver beam,
 Buds are expanding to drink the rich dew,
 All these bright subjects are waiting for you.
 Come to the feast, come while you may,
 Welcome, thrice welcome, 'tis our holiday.
 We'll dance and sing, dance and sing,
 ||: Dance, dance, sing, sing :||
 ||: Dance and sing, :||: and dance and sing. :||

At the repeat. The Zephyrs and Fairies will make their appearance encircling the Fairy Queen, who moves, and causes the rest by waving her wand to move, at the pleasure of the Floral Queen, Fairy Good Will assisting.

Semi-Chorus of Zephyrs.

1. Pretty little zephyrs we,
 Swiftly thro' the air we bound,
 Kissing every leafy tree,
 Throwing blssoms on the ground,
 Singing, singing merrily,
 Pretty little zephyrs we,
 Singing, singing merrily,
 Pretty little zephyrs we.
2. How we love the budding flowers,
 Tossing round their pretty heads,
 Let us play around your bowers,
 Breathing on your grassy beds.

Chorus.

3. Welcome, Welcome, zephyrs light,
 Welcome to our feast of flowers ;
 Smiling ever with delight,
 Welcome to our fairy bowers.

ZEPHYRS AND FAIRIES SONG.

Zephyrs light, Fairies bright,
 'Tis a lovely pretty sight,
 Hand in hand, here we stand,
 Singing merrily.
 How we love to chat and sing,
 Like the merry birds of spring.
 Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la la.
 Parents dear, lend an ear,
 Sweetest music you shall hear,
 Voices trill, loud and shrill,
 Tuneful melody.
 Sometimes high and sometimes low,
 Sometimes fast and sometimes slow, Tra la la &c,

(Class now forms two rings.)

We've come from happy fairy land,
 From that bright world afar.
 Glad fays and fairies in our mirth,
 We've romed from flower to flower,
 We've danced and sung the jocund song
 Upon the forest green,
 And naught but mirth and jolity
 Around us has been seen,

*Chorus. (The Lesser ring moving to the right,
 and the larger to the left.)*

||: And thus we have passed the pleasant hours
 Among the groves and bowers: ||

Our hearts were light, our eyes were bright.
 All nature's face was gay,
 *The trees their leafy branches spread,
 Whose perfume breathed of May,

And here we've heard the cuckoo's note
 *Steal softly through the air,
 While every scene around us looked
Chorus. Most beautiful and fair.

*(After which both rings opening in front of stage
 in form of semi-circles.)*

We drink of dew from flowery bells,
 *To all the friends we see,
 And may they know through all their days,
 *Such happiness as we,
 And now to home we turn our thoughts,
 Our happy home afar.
 *You see it (*ges.*) twinkling, twinkling, there
 Beneath that bright, bright, star.

(Chorus to last verse.)

But we'll ne'er forget the pleasant hours,
 *We've spent with these our friends
 *The hand, the heart, a kiss, impart,
 *So now our fairy tale ends.

*(*Signifies gesture.)*

*Should the Festival not be in the season of flowers,
 the following may be omitted :—*

PRESENTATION OF FLOWERS.

A number of girls, with baskets of flowers or bouquets, now advance. A young lady who acts as spokesman receives each basket in turn, and for each one repeats a couplet. The flower bearers, as they surrender their gifts, return to their seats; or, if thought best, they may resume them, and arrange themselves in various positions and attitudes, six or seven kneeling in a semi-circle before the throne, their faces before the audience.

1st Basket. "Accept chosen Queen, a flowery offering. May earth's sweetest flowers be strewn

through life's pathway, and may we, with you, be permitted to gather them as we pass "

Behold these flowers in company,

Fit type of brotherhood to thee,—

2d b. These daisies, modest as a maid
Who loves a home in the forest glade,—

3d b. These pinks with neatness in their mien,
All clothed in fittest robes of green,—

4th b. Here lilies of the vale, with glee
Shake their white bells in harmony,—

5th b. Japonicas with regal air,
Do homage to our sovereign fair,—

6th b. And now the radiant, blushing rose,
The fairest flower of all that blows.

7th b. And now another pure and white,
Mild as the beams of tranquil night.—

8th b. These flowers pointing to the sky,
Invite our thoughts to soar on high.—

9th b. Behold each lovely violet,
Fitted to bloom at Eden's gate.—

10th. The rose most fragrant of the vale.

11th. The moss rose sovereign of the dale.

12th. Consider now what hues adorn
These lilies blooming fresh as morn,

Not Solomon in all his pride
But half their glories could divide.

13th. *Loose Flowers.*

And now rich garlands by thy throne

Are all in rich profusion strewn,

We give them all with cheerful heart,

And may thy joy and bliss impart.

Thus, friends, to Virtue and to Truth,

Belong the varied flowers of youth.

THE STORM.

Semi Cho. We've strewn the flowers around thy
bowers,

Girls. The morning dew is on them yet,
The winds are humming. The storm is
coming,
The angry clouds in war have met.

Boys. ||: Fly sisters, fly sisters. Hark! 'tis the
storm. :||

THE STORM SPIRIT.

*(The voice must adapt itself to this piece, and the
room should be partially darkened.)*

1. *Solo.* I come upon the rolling cloud,
And fire is on my pinion tips ;
The mighty winds are chanting loud,
And thunder muttering from my lips.
Tremble, tremble, tremble, fly,
||: My course is through the troubled sky :||
Then tremble, tremble, tremble, fly !
My course is through the troubled sky.
- Chorus.* ||: Tremble, tremble, tremble, fly !
The storm fiend rides along the sky :||

2. *Solo.* I've travell'd o'er the heaving deep,
I've howled above the struggling barque,
I've bellow'd round the rocky steep,
||: And shouted on through regions dark :||
Then tremble, tremble, tremble, fly !
My course is through the troubled sky.
- Chorus.*

3. The knoty oak, I've split in twain,
I've hurled the tall pine from its bed,
I've swept across the flowery plain,
||: With lightnings flashing round my head :||
Then tremble, (as before) Then *Chorus.*

CHORUS AFTER THE STORM.

||: The storm is past :|| The flowers are blooming
bright,

The fleecy clouds are vanishing
Before the golden light.

||: Come forth :|| And breathe the air,
Rich with the scent of flowers,
The birds are sweetly carolling
Within their leafy bowers,
||: Come forth : All come forth.

SONG BY THE PRINCE.

*(This may be sung as a Quartett, Solo, and Chorus
if thought best.)*

1. Will you come to my mountain home love,
Will you come to the hills with me.
In the wild woods we will roam love,
With our spirits light and free.
As gay as the wind we'll dance along,
Thy voice shall our music be,
Its tones shall rival the birds sweet song
With its tuneful melody.

I'll deck thy hair with roses rare,
That grow on the gentle hills,
And thy ruby lip shall the nectar sip,
From the mountain sparkling rills.

Solo. Hark! Hark, 'tis the woods that shout,
Chorus Rejoice!

Solo. Will you come love, come to day,

Duet. ||: And list! 'tis the sound of their wooing
voice,

Cho. To the hills, the hills away. :||

||: To the hills, to the hills, to the hills, to the
hills away :||

||: Hille ho, hille ho, hille ho, hille ho, hille ho. ||

2. Oh sweet is the mountain air love,
 Where our happy home shall be,
 And the bloom on thy cheek so fair love,
 Ne'er shall fade in the wild wood free.
 Our dreams shall be of Fairy land,
 We'll rest by a silvery lake ;
 And fays shall ever await command,
 When each rosy morn shall break,

Solo. And thus we'll dwell in the gladsome dell,
 There love will unchanging be,
 At morning bright.
 Or pale moonlight,
 I'll ever be near to thee. Hark ! &c.

ADDRESS BY THE QUEEN AND ATTENDANTS.

1st Voice. Once by Euphrates' gently flowing
 stream

There bloomed a garden, full of pleasant fruit,
 And lofty trees, and flowers of every hue,
 With perfume rich and sweet, where gaily hummed
 Each bright, innoxious insect ; and the birds,
 'Those songsters of the skies, poured daily fourth
 A flood of melody.

2nd v. O, blest abode !

The sun shone mildly on it. Chilling winds,
 And snow and hail unknown. The fleecy clouds
 Reposed like flocks above, or soothing showers
 Refreshed the verdant paths, then doubly green,
 As arched above the flowering palms appeared
 God's glorious seven hued bow.

3rd v. Fair land !

Would that we dwelt there ! Would that we
 could feel

Its fragrant breeze, our eyes in ecstasy
 Rove on through vistas wide, replete with life,
 And aye, some forms too fairly made for earth !

4th v. Our parents sinned ; and forth from
 Paradise,
 In wrath and mercy driven, they tilled the earth,
 They reaped the fields for bread. At night,
 Fatigued with heavy toil, they slumbered deep,
 Or dreamed of Eden's bowers. Their sons alike,
 Through years and ages, to remotest time,
 Must feel the curse,—the blessing

5th v. But all love
 To muse of Eden ; and full many hands
 Have planted seed and vine, and reared tall oaks,
 Or on the enduring canvass carefully
 Their waking vision drawn ; or from white rocks,
 Have cut the semblance of those angel forms
 That walked once in the garden.

6th v. Virtue and Beauty journey side by side ;
 Nor can fair Grace with Vice uncouth abide.
 The cloudless brow that speaks a heart serene
 The air of innocence in voice and mien,
 These most adorn ; nor can the touch of art
 A loveliness so heavenlike e'er impart.

BY THE QUEEN.

Companions, we have sought to bring to mind
 The joys of other days. Here have we bent
 The graceful arch, and bound it with rich gifts,
 The guileless gems of Flora's treasury,
 Here have we dark festoon and sunny wreath,
 And statued innocence most cold and pure.

And is this all of beauty? We ourselves,
 Have dressed our locks with care, and wear
 bright robes,
 And ornament our staffs with blossoms rare.
 'Tis right that this should be. Yet ne'er forget
 To deck the *heart* with gems. Has any here
 Ill thought against another? Are there those
 Who cherish envy, pride or stubborn hate?
 Is there a maiden rude and unrefined?
 Such cannot well be lovely. Let them seek,
 And let us all endeavor so to pass
 Each fleeting hour, that those who love us best,
 And those we meet, and spirits blest above,
 May think us rightly, nobly beautiful.

NOTE If the Queen's voice is not a strong one, let this be recited by some one who can read well, and speak loudly. As it contains the "moral" of the festival, it is best not to omit it unless the hall is large and crowded, or it is desirable to make the concert as short as possible. This piece may be divided into several parts, if thought best.

For a close, the "Sleepy Song," or "Good night," "Shaking hands Song," or any thing the Teacher may think proper. Promiscuous Pieces from this Cantata may be selected, for any concert.

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Good night,"
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CONTENTS.

Should the air set to the pieces not readily suggest itself it will be quite easy to substitute an appropriate one in its stead, as the metres are no way peculiar. Most of the pieces will be found in the Golden Wreath, Musical Gems, Exercise Song Book and Singing Bird, and of the Cantata, Bradbury's, Flora's Festival, and Juvenile Oratorios, by Johnson.

| | PAGE. |
|---|-------|
| A Juvenile Chant of welcome to the Prince, | 44 |
| Annie Lisle, | 61 |
| A. B. C. Song, | 77 |
| Boat Song, | 36 |
| Blowing, Shaking and Roaring, | 67 |
| Beautiful England, | 105 |
| Capes of Europe, | 22 |
| Cock Sparrow, | 27 |
| Clap, Clap, Hurrah, | 74 |
| Come, Come, Sweetly sing, | 76 |
| Come Cheerful Companions, | 99 |
| Departure of Winter, | 70 |
| Exercise Song, | 41 |
| Erin is my Home, | 50 |
| Farmer's Boys, | 84 |
| Farmer's Girls, | 89 |
| Flow gently St. Lawrence, | 108 |
| God Save the Queen, | 45 |
| Gentle Nettie Moore, | 60 |
| Good Night, | 68 |
| Household Pets, | 28 |
| Here we stand, | 42 |
| Happy Land, | 49 |
| Hail thou merry month of May, | 51 |
| Hot corn or little Katy's Petition, | 52 |
| Home, | 57 |

| | |
|---|-----|
| Here is health for lads and lasses, | 110 |
| Invitation to Singing, | 18 |
| I'll be a man, | 30 |
| I love the merry sunshine, | 32 |
| Idlers, | 51 |
| I'm o'er young to marry yet, | 82 |
| I'd chchose to be a daisy, | 103 |
| Jamie's on the stormy sea, | 63 |
| John Anderson my Jo, | 80 |
| Kind words can never die, | 96 |
| Let the smiles of youth appearing, | 24 |
| Large bodies of water in and around Europe, | 25 |
| Little Robin, | 39 |
| Let the joys of youth appearing, | 94 |
| Midnight hour, | 53 |
| Mower's song, | 82 |
| Moonlight Boat Glee, | 88 |
| My Mother dear, | 97 |
| O, the singing school, | 19 |
| Oh, come, come away, | 65 |
| Pretty Bird, | 109 |
| Rivers of Europe, | 23 |
| Rocked in the Cradle of the deep, | 100 |
| Red, White and Blue, | 111 |
| Sliding Song, | 32 |
| Song in Motion, | 72 |
| School is begun | 77 |
| Singing in School, | 78 |
| Sing, gaily sing, | 79 |
| Song for May, | 80 |
| Ship Ahoy, | 86 |
| Song of the Reapers Harvest time, | 87 |
| Sleepy time, | 87 |
| Silently, | 93 |
| Star of the Evening, | 97 |

| | | |
|------------|------------------------------------|------|
| 110 | Simon and Ruth, | 101. |
| 18 | Sound our Voices, | 105 |
| 30 | Song of the Months, | 112 |
| 32 | The Pony, | 19 |
| 51 | The Earth like a Bride, | 20 |
| 82 | The Blacksmith's Song, | 20 |
| 103 | The young Rider, | 23 |
| 63 | 'Tis Winter, Winter, far and wide, | 33 |
| 80 | Twinkle little Star, | 36 |
| 96 | The little Girl and the Robin, | 37 |
| 24 | Try Again, | 38 |
| Europe, 25 | The Moon is very fair and bright, | 39 |
| 39 | The Mimic Cooks, | 40 |
| 94 | Three little boys, | 43 |
| 53 | The Scholar's pledge, | 44 |
| 82 | Temperance pledge, | 44 |
| 88 | This world is not so bad a world, | 46 |
| 97 | The Swiss Toy girl, | 47 |
| 19 | The Sleigh-ride—O swift we go, | 49 |
| 65 | The clock, | 55 |
| 109 | The social glass, | 56 |
| 23 | They like it, | 60 |
| 100 | The lone starry hours, | 64 |
| 111 | The Daisy, | 64 |
| 32 | The Blue Bird's Song, | 68 |
| 72 | The Butterfly, | 70 |
| 77 | The Shoemaker, | 71 |
| 78 | The washing song, | 73 |
| 79 | The Cuckoo, | 75 |
| 80 | The young Soldiers, | 78 |
| 86 | Thoughts of Yore, | 85 |
| 87 | Temperance compact, | 90 |
| 87 | The Temperance invitation, | 91 |
| 93 | The Jolly Tinkers, | 91 |
| 97 | The Frog, | 92 |

| | |
|--|-----|
| The Lords of Creation, | 98 |
| The March of the Cameron Men, | 100 |
| The little maid, | 102 |
| The little sup, | 103 |
| The little sailor boy's lament, | 106 |
| The working Temperance song, | 107 |
| Vacation Song, | 34 |
| Vacation, | 67 |
| We come again with songs to greet you. | 25 |
| Wandering boy, | 28 |
| Winter Sleigh bell song, | 48 |
| Where are you going my pretty maid, | 53 |
| Welcome home, | 54 |
| We'll ne'er drink again, | 58 |
| When shall we meet again, | 59 |
| Will you come to the spring, | 66 |
| Whistle and I'll come to you my lad, | 81 |
| What's a' the steer, Kimmer, | 95 |

| | |
|---|-----|
| The Cantata of "The Festival of the Rose," or, "A Day in Arcadia," | 115 |
|---|-----|

| | | |
|------|---|-----|
| . | . | 98 |
| . | . | 100 |
| . | . | 102 |
| . | . | 103 |
| . | . | 106 |
| . | . | 107 |
| . | . | 34 |
| . | . | 67 |
| you. | . | 25 |
| . | . | 28 |
| . | . | 48 |
| d, | . | 53 |
| . | . | 54 |
| . | . | 58 |
| . | . | 59 |
| . | . | 66 |
| , | . | 81 |
| . | . | 95 |

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